

FIFTY CENTS *

MARCH 14, 1969

TIME



Gianni

**THE
GREAT
MISSILE
DEBATE**



They said
it was impossible
to cook a turkey
in an hour.

They ate their words.

General Electric has put electronic, radar and space technology into a new kitchen range. It uses microwaves to cook in minutes instead of hours.

About four hours. That's how long it usually takes to cook a 14-lb. turkey.

But the new General Electric VersatronicTM Range will do it in one.

Or you can put it in frozen—hard as a rock—and it will only take a half hour longer.

The Versatronic Range will cook a 6-lb. roast in 30 minutes. Instead of four hours.

Bake a potato in four minutes. Instead of 60.

It can do it because General Electric developed an oven that cooks electronically.

An oven that uses microwaves.

Microwaves cause the molecules inside the food to vibrate.

That creates friction. And that friction creates heat. So the food practically cooks itself.

At the same time, a conventional heating unit browns the outside.

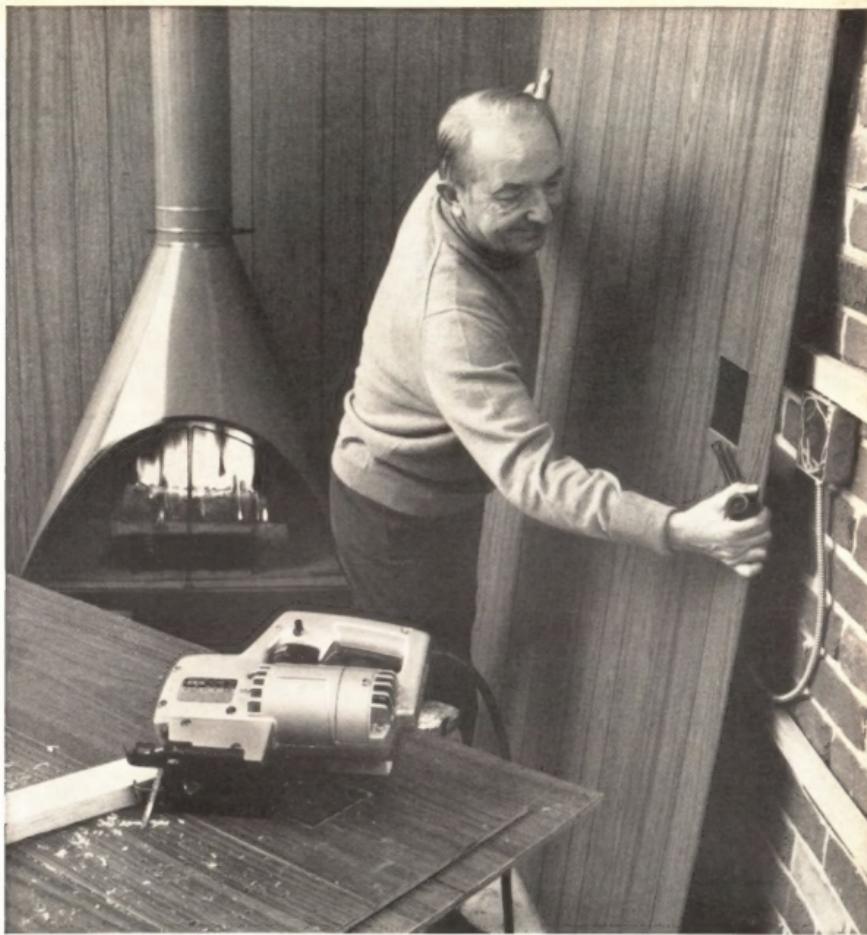
General Electric put a lot into the Versatronic Range. Things they learned working with radar, electronics, new materials, space technology.

General Electric always tries to use things they've learned in other fields to come up with new products.

Like the oven that cleans itself electrically. A refrigerator with a dispenser for ice cubes and cold water on the outside of the door. And the electric slicing knife. All are General Electric innovations. Innovations...another word for progress.

Progress is our most important product

GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**



Not bad for a man who's not handy.

"All right," says Chicago sales representative Ed Ryerson, "I was wrong. Like a lot of men I told myself that building things was not for me.

"But then some people dared me to try paneling a wall. Naturally I said 'Forget it. I'm the original Mr. All-Thumbs.'

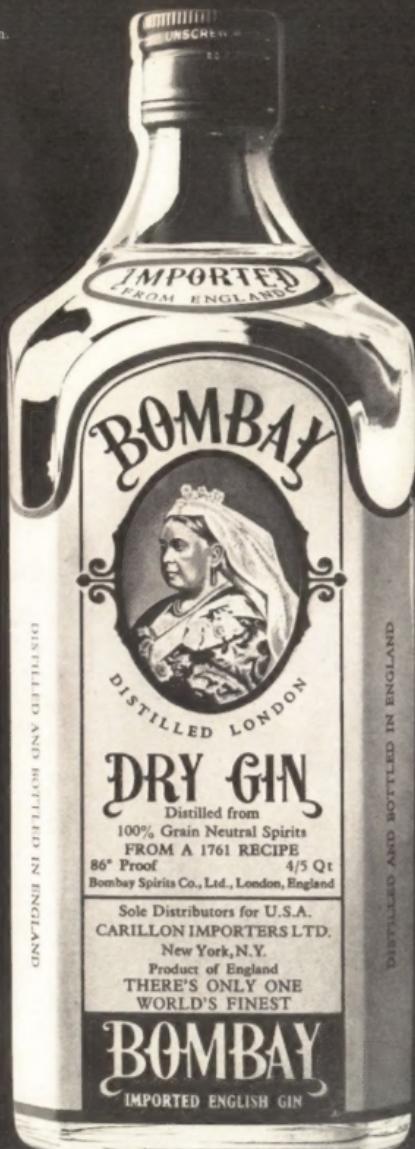
"Turned out, though, that I was shortchanging myself. As my friends showed me, I'd just never tried using the right tools. With the right tools—like the Skil Jig Saw they handed me—any job can be easy.

"I mean *easy*. Because with a little practice I found myself trimming the wall panels to size. Even using the Skil Jig Saw to make inside cuts for fitting the panels over light switches and such. Turned out to be a very nice looking job. Frankly, I'm proud of it."

See for yourself how the right tools make any project easy, economical and satisfying. Your Skil Power Tool dealer will gladly demonstrate. (He's listed in the Yellow Pages under "Tools-Electric.")

SKIL makes it easy

Bombay Vermouth from France is the perfect consort to Bombay Gin.

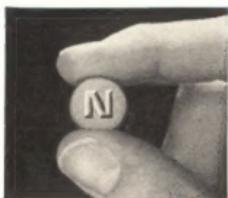


DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND

The King is dead. Long live the Queen.

Martini people are changing from the old guard gin to the new "in" gin. To Bombay from England. It's a softer, gentler gin. Which accounts for its current favor among the new breed of martini drinkers. Pompous, pretentious gin is dead. Long live Bombay.

Sure Beats Smoking!



If you really want to cut down, or even stop smoking, without gaining weight...

HERE'S AN EASIER WAY to break the cigarette habit, control your appetite, too. Try the pleasant tasting lozenge called Nikoban. It's medicated with a clinically tested smoking deterrent that helps satisfy your tobacco hunger — reduces your desire to smoke, and eat!

Scientific journal reports doctor's plan helps 4 out of 5

In a controlled test, reported in a scientific journal, the Nikoban Plan, created by a doctor, helped 4 out of 5 smokers cut down on their smoking. Some actually stopped completely — and most did not gain weight. Many doctors have been recommending Nikoban for years! Start using Nikoban today. Cherry or new Mint lozenges. Nikoban sure beats smoking!



NEW: NIKOBAN MEDICATED GUM
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Thursday, March 13

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8:30 p.m.). Arthur Schnitzler's romantic comedy, *Anatol*, is made up of three amorous episodes in the life of a dashing 19th-century Viennese boulevardier.

Saturday, March 15

N.C.A.A. COLLEGE BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT (NBC, 2-6 p.m.). Two games, to be announced, in the regional finals, broadcast live.

CBS GOLF CLASSIC (4:5 p.m.). The quarterfinals from Akron, with Kermit Zarley and Tommy Aaron v. Lee Elder and Bruce Crampton.

Sunday, March 16

NATIONAL INVITATIONAL TOURNAMENT (CBS, 1:30-3 p.m.). First-round game of college basketball's oldest post-season event from Madison Square Garden.

EXPERIMENT IN TELEVISION (NBC, 4:30-5:30 p.m.). Kids, mental patients, prisoners, inner-city youths—all take up the use of movie film, still photography and audio tape as means of getting across their thoughts and emotions in "The New Communicators," which will include ten specially commissioned 60-second films on the subject "Faces."

CAROL CHANNING AND PEARL BAILEY ON BROADWAY (ABC, 8-9 p.m.). Broadway songs that Carol and Pearl would have loved doing on the stage provide a point of departure for the *Hello, Dolly!* stars in this two-woman show.

Monday, March 17

THREE YOUNG AMERICANS IN SEARCH OF SURVIVAL (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). Sidney Poitier appears in a segment of this Paul Newman-narrated ABC News special about two young men and a woman involved in social projects.

Tuesday, March 18

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF PIZZAZZ (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Fashion, chic and hip, co-hosted by Carl Reiner and Michele Lee, with Pat Paulsen, the Harper's Bizarre and the Cowells as guests.

NET FESTIVAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). The life and music of Composer Dmitri Shostakovich are presented in still photographs and recent documentary footage in this Soviet-produced film.

THEATER

On Broadway

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM. Woody Allen has written what seems to be a play about Woody Allen, in which he appropriately stars as a young man with so many psychological hang-ups that he makes players feel positively healthy.

CELEBRATION. Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, co-creators of *The Fantasticks*, pit a handsome blond Orphan and a crest-fallen Angel against the bored and impotent Mr. Rich. The show is a charmer for sophisticates who have never quite forsaken the magic realm of childhood.

CANTERBURY TALES. This British musical has not thrived on a sea change from London. Four of Geoffrey Chaucer's pilgrims

tales are told without capturing the faith and flesh of the 14th century. The pop-rock score seems incongruous, and the dialogue is all in rhyming couplets; the sensation is rather like spending the evening listening to a metronome.

DEAR WORLD. Plays converted into musicals have a high disaster ratio, and this one, from Jean Giraudoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot*, is no exception. Angela Lansbury, looking like a ruefully unkempt Colette, is excellent as the madwoman, but the Jerry Herman score is disappointing and Joe Layton's choreography is mediocre.

ADRIAN VII is a deft dramatization by Peter Luke of fantasy and fact in the life of Frederick William Rolfe, the misfit first rejected for the priesthood and then astonishingly elected Pope. Alec McCowen's performance is a paradigm of the elegant best in English acting style.

FORTY CARATS proves that love is a game for all seasons, with Julie Harris as a middle-aged divorcee wooed and won by a lad of 22 while her teen-age daughter is carried off by a widower of 45.

JIMMY SHINE. Playwright Murray Schisgal attempts an inner journey through mood, psyche and character, but merely creates a transparent character in a sketchy play. What makes Jimmy more winning than his fate is Dustin Hoffman's ingratiating stage personality.

Off Broadway

AN EVENING WITH MAX MORATH. Singer-Pianist Max Morath gives a performance of ragtime piano playing and patter on the mores and manners of turn-of-the-century America. An amiable show for those who get nostalgic for the days of cherry phosphates and trolley transfers.

ADAPTATION—NEXT. Elaine May, a corrosively perceptive satirist with a mean comic punch, is director of both of these humorous one-acters. *Adaptation*, which Miss May wrote, has the ironic viewpoint that life is a game played on as well as by the contestants. In Terrence McNally's *Next*, James Coco gives a fine performance as an overaged potential draftee.

TANGO, a comedy of debased manners by Polish Playwright Slawomir Mrozek, features David Margulies playing a young man who finds himself with nothing to rebel against except permissiveness.

LITTLE MURDERS. Under the direction of Alan Arkin, this revival of Cartoonist Jules Feiffer's play is breathtakingly funny and hair-trigger fast in pace.

DAMES AT SEA. Bernadette Peters plays Ruby, who comes to the Broadway "jungle" to "tap her way to stardom," in this delightful parody of the movie musicals of the '30s. Tamara Long as the slinky heavy and Sally Stark as Ruby's peroxided pal are perfect, as is the rest of the minicast of six.

CINEMA

3 IN THE ATTIC is by *Alfie* out of *The Graduate*, a cautionary tale of a campus lady-killer (Chris Jones) who is unfaithful to his steady girl friend (Yvette Mimieux) and gets his just deserts. The film has a kind of cheap charm, and Jones and Mimieux are fun to watch.

THE STALKING MOON. Gregory Peck lends strength and dignity to a low-key western about a trapper who combats the re-

* All times E.S.T.



If we hadn't looked ahead... ...we wouldn't have anything to look back on.

Carrier pigeons and smoke signals were good ways to get the word around when Western Electric went into business just 100 years ago. And a loud shout was still the best carrier for the spoken word.

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No floor show just a working girl working

This is for real. No model. No put-on smiles. Her name is Carol Koberlein. But it could be Virginia White. Or Linda Epping. Or any one of the other 1724 stewardesses who work for Delta. In her new chic outfit, she looks like anything

but a stewardess working. But work she does. Hard, too. And you hardly know it. Even when she spreads Delta's new eight-course, 1200-mile first-class meal before you. Or a Tourist meal that seems anything but economical. Next

trip, come see our working girls work. It's no floor show. But it's funny how you get to feel like a leading man. Delta Air Lines, Inc., General Offices, Atlanta Airport, Atlanta, Ga. 30320 **▲DELTA**

Delta is ready when you are!

morseless, silent presence of an Indian bent on bloody revenge.

SWEET CHARITY. This adaptation of the Broadway musical fairly bursts its celluloid seams with misdirected stylistic energy. Some of the tunes are good, and Shirley MacLaine is a commendable Charity, the whore with a heart of gold; but all the frenetic activity is more suggestive of a perpetual-motion machine than a movie.

RED BEARD. Japan's Akira Kurosawa directed this morality play about the spiritual growth of a young doctor with all the stylistic wizardry and vision that have made him one of the world's greatest film makers.

GRAZIE ZIA. This first film by young (25) Director Salvatore Samperi probes fashionable subjects such as moral disintegration with an aggravatingly eclectic but often successfully mordant style.

THE SHAME. The horrors of war and the responsibility of the artist are two themes that Ingmar Bergman fuses into a somber, beautiful parable. Bergman is a cinematic magician, but he also knows how to get perfect performances from Actors Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow and the lovely Liv Ullman.

THE FIXER is an excellent screen translation of Bernard Malamud's Pulitzer prize-winning novel about political responsibility and human dignity. Under the creative direction of John Frankenheimer, Actors Alan Bates (as the accidental hero), Dirk Bogarde and Ian Holm perform their difficult roles with superb dedication.

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S. Some great players like Jason Robards, Joseph Wiseman, Harry Andrews, Denholm Elliott and Norman Wisdom are obviously having the time of their lives in this raunchy, affectionate tribute to the days of oldtime burlesque.

OLIVER! Unlikely as it might seem, Dickens' novel has been transformed into a smashing musical that features a good score (by Lionel Bart), excellent direction (by Carol Reed) and some of the most breathtaking sets (by John Box) that have ever appeared on a movie screen.

FACES is all about a group of resolutely middle-aged people and what an awful mess they have made of their respective marriages. John Cassavetes wrote and directed this exercise in marital tensions that seems, alternately, both vivid and rather pointless.

RECORDINGS

More Mozart

The current Schwann LP catalogue lists 21 columns of Mozart recordings. Judging by the batch of new releases issued every month, the end is nowhere in sight. Among the recent albums:

SONATAS NO. 4, K. 282; NO. 5, K. 283; NO. 10, K. 330; NO. 12, K. 332; **RONDO** IN A MINOR, K. 511 (London). Germany's Wilhelm Backhaus is 84, but he plays with a strength often missing in younger pianists. Whatever the composer's mood, Backhaus is master of it—from the earthy *Ge-müthlichkeit* of the minuet in the *Sonata No. 10*. The tragic *A Minor Rondo* breathes with the deep current of unrest that runs through so much of the composer's work.

SYMPHONY NO. 28, K. 200; **SYMPHONY** NO. 29, K. 201 (Deutsche-Grammophon). Another veteran, 74-year-old Conductor Karl Böhm, is clearly a romanticist in his interpretation of these middle-period sym-



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phonies. The Berlin Philharmonic sings as suavely as ever, but Böhm's rather Brahmsian approach to the scores becomes over-weighty. Ultimately, it is less satisfying than the crisper approach of such younger conductors as Britain's Colin Davis.

CONCERTO NO. 14, K. 449; CONCERTO NO. 15, K. 450 (Angel). Daniel Barenboim, the young (26) Israeli virtuoso, is now in the process of recording Mozart's major piano concertos. Billed as both conductor and soloist, Barenboim the conductor is, unfortunately, often at odds with Barenboim the pianist. The superb English Chamber Orchestra, for example, begins the andantino of *No. 14* with a refreshing, lilting tempo, only to be dragged slower and slower once the piano enters. Barenboim's low-keyed but emotional playing simply does not mix with his orchestra's brisk classical manner.

DIVERTIMENTI, K. 136, K. 137, K. 138; SERENATA NOTTURNA, K. 239 (Argo). One of the world's best new chamber orchestras is the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, which took its name from the old London church where it made its debut a decade ago. With Concertmaster Neville Mariner directing in 18th century style from the first desk, the 16-man ensemble achieves a dramatic precision that would do credit to Toscanini. The three *Divertimenti* for strings, written when Mozart was 16, are stunning miniatures in Italian rococo symphonic style. The *Serenata Notturna*, scored for two small orchestras plus timpani, also sparkles with classical elegance.

QUARTET FOR FLUTE AND STRINGS, K. 285; QUARTET FOR OBOE AND STRINGS, K. 370; QUINTET FOR HORN AND STRINGS, K. 407 (Telefunken). This new recording of some seldom heard but thoroughly charming Mozart is ably presented by the Strauss Quartet, a group of young German instrumentalists, and three agile collaborators. Particularly outstanding is Hermann Baumann's dazzling horn playing in the quintet; he seems to be daunted neither by enormous leaps nor precipitous scales and ornaments.

REQUIEM, K. 626 (Telefunken). Mozart's liturgical music is tricky to interpret. But Karl Richter, an organist and harpsichordist as well as conductor, creates a performance that combines operatic grandeur in the *Dies Irae* with the religious awe attending death that is heralded by the sepulchral drumbeats at the close of the *Agnus Dei*. The four first-class soloists (Maria Stader, soprano; Hertha Töpper, alto; John van Kesteren, tenor; Karl-Christof Kohn, bass) enter into the spirit of their conductor's classical conception: they never struggle to achieve Wagnerian eminence of tone but modestly blend into the musical architecture. The vocal texture of the Munich Bach Choir is glowingly transparent, despite its 90-odd members, even in the tumultuous contrapuntal sections.

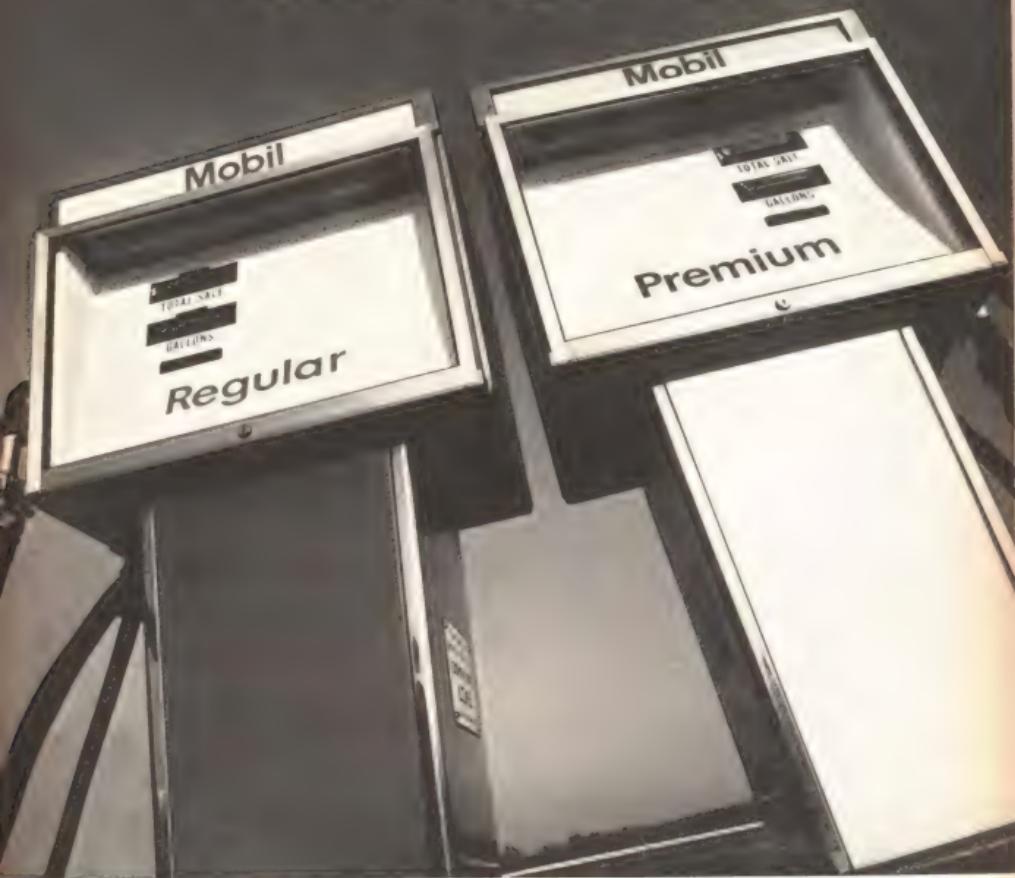
BOOKS

Best Reading

TORREGRECA, by Ann Cornelisen. A beautifully written documentary of human adversity in Southern Italy that deserves a place next to Oscar Lewis' *The Children of Sanchez*.

PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT, by Philip Roth. Laid out on a psychiatrist's couch, a 33-year-old Jewish bachelor delivers a frenzied and funny monologue on sex and

You can actually slow down
how fast your engine wears out.



Do you know when your engine begins to wear out?

On the day you buy your car. That's when.

How much and how fast it wears out, however, is up to you.

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Utah!

guilt reminiscent of scatological nightclub performances by the late Lenny Bruce.

HEADS, by Edward Stewart. Ivy League sacred cows are milked, and human parts are strewn about in unlikely places by ax murderers, in a cheerfully gruesome novel by the author of *Orpheus on Top*.

BRUNO'S DREAM, by Iris Murdoch. Around the bed of a dying man, his kith and kin are stirred to bizarre combinations of love and lust. A metaphysical farce by a master of the form.

THE 900 DAYS: THE SIEGE OF LENINGRAD, by Harrison F. Salisbury. A most thorough account of the Nazi siege of Leningrad, in which 1,500,000 Russian civilians died of gunfire and starvation.

AFTERWORDS: NOVELISTS ON THEIR NOVELS, edited by Thomas McCormack. The anxiety, excitement and loneliness of confronting blank sheets of paper, sharply recalled and brightly written by 14 novelists, including Norman Mailer, Truman Capote and Louis Auchincloss.

SETTING FREE THE BEARS, by John Irving. Two Austrian university students plot to free the animals from Vienna's zoo. In counterpoint to this escapade are events reflected from Austria's and Yugoslavia's part in World War II.

IT HAPPENED IN BOSTON? by Russell H. Greenman. Witness German art experts, viliainous Peruvian generals, paranoiac harpies, spying pigeons, nosy janitors and struggling artists are only part of the fantastic story that leads a deranged narrator and master painter into forgery, murder and an attempt to kill God.

THE STRANGERS, by George Bruce. Before the 1830s, native travelers in India were in constant danger of being choked to death by marauding bands of Thugs, who murdered as a religious rite. An account of how a British officer brought the Thugs to heel. A horrifying, little known facet of Empire.

OBsolete COMMUNISM: THE LEFT-WING ALTERNATIVE, by Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit. Radical leader "Danny the Red" Cohn-Bendit and his brother analyze last year's "days of May" student-worker uprising in France, blaming its failure on lack of support from the French Communist Party and leftist trade unions.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Salzburg Connection*, MacInnes (1 last week)
2. *Portnoy's Complaint*, Roth (3)
3. *A Small Town in Germany*, le Carré (2)
4. *Airport*, Hawley (4)
5. *Force 10 from Novarone*, MacLean (6)
6. *Preserve and Protect*, Drury (5)
7. *The Hurricane Years*, Hawley (8)
8. *The First Circle*, Solzhenitsyn (10)
9. *The Voyeur*, Sutton
10. *A World of Profit*, Auchincloss (9)

NONFICTION

1. *Thirteen Days*, Kennedy (1)
2. *The 900 Days*, Salisbury (4)
3. *The Money Game*, Adam Smith (2)
4. *Instant Replay*, Kramer (5)
5. *The Arms of Krupp*, Manchester (6)
6. *The Volochi Papers*, Maas (8)
7. *The Bitter Woods*, Eisenhower
8. *Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women*, Craig (9)
9. *The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson*, Goldblum (3)
10. *The Day Kennedy Was Shot*, Bishop (7)

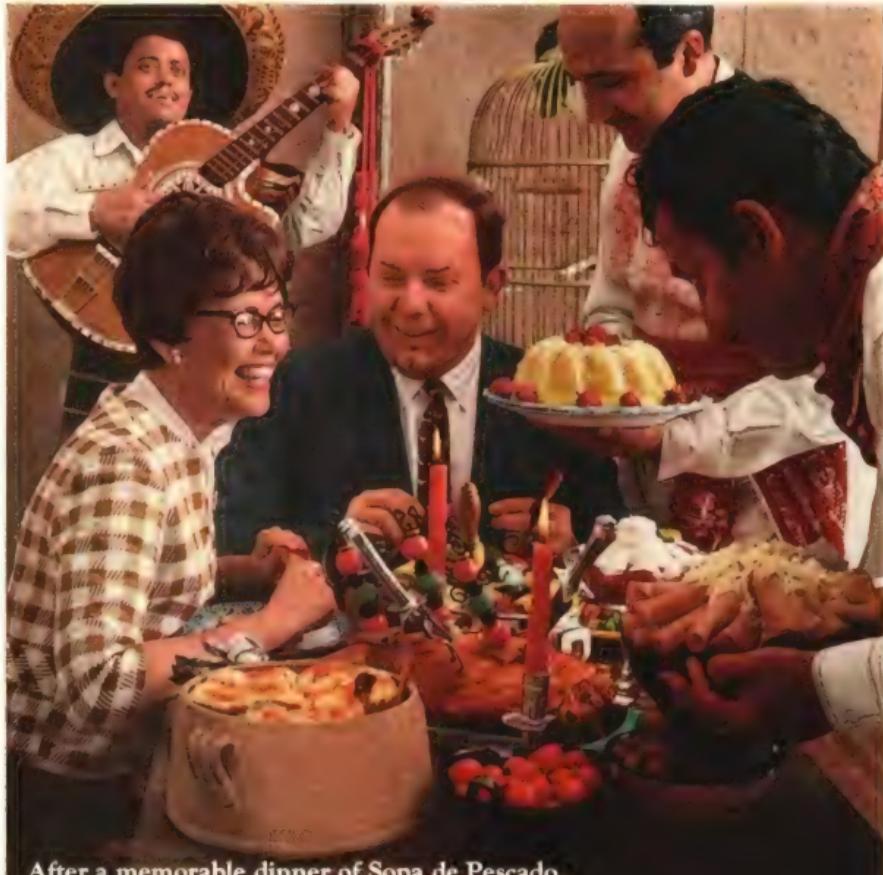
Most
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"Thanks!"



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Because the family's doctor agreed they would get well faster in familiar surroundings.

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OUR CONCERN IS PEOPLE

LETTERS

The President's Trip

Sir: It was a great honor for us to have President Nixon in the headquarters of both the EEC and NATO [Feb. 28]. His aim is to wipe out egoistic nationalism, unstable coexistence and indifferent neutrality in order to build up a renewed Atlantic alliance: a united people with a united purpose. This is the only guarantee against the Russian nightmare.

Although the President primarily came to listen, I hope that he will do his very best to convince De Gaulle to abandon his continuous European sabotage, which is very helpful to Communism and a threat to the existence of mankind.

The President's visit is a major step on the road toward mutual understanding between nations, where confidence replaces terror and hope takes over from despair. Mr. Nixon is only on his honeymoon of his term of office. We all hope he will sustain his efforts.

ROGER DE BORGER

Wolvertem, Belgium

Sir: While the campuses burn and the students bleed and the ghettos decay and the war in Viet Nam worsens, our President comes over here to see Harold Wilson and De Gaulle. I thought the Re-publican plan was to pull back from world affairs until America's problems at home and in Viet Nam were solved. During the campaign, Nixon said: "If elected, I will go to Viet Nam." It seems to me that he is going the long way to get there. Why is he still campaigning in Europe?

WILLIAM J. MC TAUGART
Fulbright Scholar

Wadham College
Oxford, England

On the Other Hand

Sir: Three cheers for Senator Hollings for speaking up about the startling and uncomfortable facts of hunger in the Southern states [Feb. 28]. While the U.S.'s foreign aid hand stretches out unselfishly, its domestic aid hand slouches lazily in its pocket. Does this hand realize the difficulty in developing potential on an empty stomach?

MARY JANE MASON

Yonkers, N.Y.

Sir: How can any group of men, the elected representatives of the people of America, vote themselves a salary increase of \$12,500 and then turn around and cut appropriations directed toward the feeding of the hungry of our nation? America,

the richest nation on earth, still votes billions to care for other peoples of the world while our own unfortunate, white, black, Indian and others suffer. How can these same men go to bed each night with a full stomach in comfortable homes with this on their minds, or don't most of them give a damn?

JOHN W. MOYER
Michigan City, Ind.

Sir: Books of free food stamps should include stamps for contraceptives. CARE packages, too, without birth control devices and information are incomplete and, in the long run, could be inhumane.

(MRS.) GERTRUDE MILER
Olympia, Wash.

Value Judgment

Sir: Every dollar sign in the article about salaries [Feb. 28] gives the lie to your fatuous conclusion regarding judgment. Judgment about selling and profit earns from \$6,500 (ad copy) to \$733,316 (auto manufacturing). Human life, human values and the future of the earth range from \$2,400 (priest) to \$200,000 (President).

By your dollar-sign values, a state psychiatrist working 40 hours a week, making decisions about who should be confined and who should be free, exercises about one-third as much judgment as a medium-priced copywriter for cigarette commercials. A social worker deciding which couple will best provide for an adoptable child uses about the same quantity of judgment as a "beginning copywriter." A nurse, caring for critically ill human beings, earns less than any of these.

JUNE WIEST
Huntington Beach, Calif.

Sir: Hopefully, mine will not be the sole scream of anguish in response to the inflated figures for faculty salaries. Unfortunately, too many college teachers are still imppecunious. If your writer's figures (\$18,000-\$21,000) were based on the American Association of University Professors statistics for 1967-68, they refer to total compensation (*not* salary) averages, for full professors (*and not* the other three ranks, much greater in number) and for universities (*not* other types of educational institutions). Such incomplete reporting does college faculties a real disservice, for it distorts the picture of the genteel poverty in which most of us still live.

WALTER CHIZINSKY
Professor of Biology
Briarcliff College
Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

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Sir: It may be true that people with individual and unusual skills are paid fantastic salaries; but there is only one Barbara Streisand, one Elizabeth Taylor, one Richard Burton. How about the millions of ordinary people who don't receive such exceptional offers? The typical factory worker may earn a mere \$6,500 annually. You mention the Chicago Tribune want ads indicating engineers' starting salaries of \$15,000. Have you ever applied for these jobs? These are simply come-ons, and when you make application with these agencies, you had better have several degrees, lots of experience, and still be young, unmarried, willing to travel, etc., or the job simply is not available. I have been down that route.

The article certainly gives a false impression to the workers of this country. After reading it, one would imagine all one has to do is develop a skill and he can expect to earn untold fortunes. The word competition still exists in our economy, and big money reaches only a very small portion of our working force.

MRS. J. D. WILSON

Chicago

History Lesson

Sir: In your article on inflation, "Nixon's Fight Against Economic Problem No. 1" [Feb. 21] there is not even a hint to suggest that this problem arises primarily from our being at war.

It is remarkable that we can spend \$80 billion annually for defense with a rise in the price level of less than 5%. This in a period without wage and price controls, without any serious effort to apply a national wage-price policy, and with a tax increase that was much too little and too late.

War cost money, and must be paid for in one way or another. If not through higher taxes, then through higher prices. But apparently no administration is willing to take any overt step that would cause any financial strain or inconvenience to the voters.

So the old method of trying to curb inflation through higher interest rates is again being followed. This is far from painless but voters won't know whom to blame. It is the worst approach among all possible options. For proof of this look at what happened to the economy from 1952 to 1958 when this approach was taken. During that period we had two recessions. Unemployment was 2,000,000 higher in 1958 than in 1952. The cost of living increased 11% during the period. The country's economy grew only about one-half as rapidly as is normal and necessary for maintaining a prosperous economy.

Must history repeat itself?

JOHN C. DAVIS

(Economist, President's Council of Economic Advisors, 1947-53)
New Port Richey, Fla.

Great Equalizer

Sir: What is so bad about "considering laws cutting off state aid to campus demonstrators who cause physical or property damage" [Feb. 28]? This would not, contrary to the leaping illogic in the article, "threaten free speech," but it might threaten free throwing of rocks. As for penalizing the poor but not the rich, expulsion is a great equalizer.

The college does not belong only to the 2% who want to wreck it. It is my money (via taxes) that built it, and I don't see why my taxes must support a hooligan while he puts the torch to it. I'll need that money to rebuild it after



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can't
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he's through with his temper tantrum so that the other 98% can get an education. Besides, if I have to support lawbreakers while they destroy property, why should I also support police who try to keep them from it? I'll soon be broke if I have to pay the bills for both sides.

Do you really advocate financial support for people who willfully destroy other people's property? Is this just for college demonstrators, or can any arsonist get in on the gravy? Tax support implies approval. A society that actually subsidizes those who would destroy that society is mentally ill.

DOROTHY BRANSON

St. Joseph, Mo.

Sir: Although your article on student revolt will certainly appease the Establishment, I seriously doubt that those individuals who are fighting for their rights and the rights of others will even consider your plea for moderation. There is no such thing as a compromise solution when the issue is one of ending oppression. For purposes of clarification, it would be better for campuses to polarize; at least then the enemy would not be a hypocrite.

ERIC R. FREED, '72

Williams College,
Williamstown, Mass.

Character Witness

Sir: As a person close to the fine family of Lieut. Stephen Robert Harris, officer in charge of the U.S.S. *Pueblo*'s secret research center [Feb. 21], I was appalled by your shortsightedness and sheer fantasy in assessing the character and appearance of this able officer. Such words as "incompe-

tent" and "cowardly" hardly describe a man who was decorated after his last mission (just before *Pueblo* sailed).

Is the U.S. Navy promoting Lieutenant Harris to lieutenant commander because he is a "timorous man who might well lose control under fire?"

As to the lieutenant's "pale" and "skinny" appearance along with his "rabbit-like look," I'll simply have to attribute this to special North Korean talents for entertaining U.S. Navy house guests. When Steve left home, he was a ruddy-cheeked 200-pounder. And most of us even went so far as to consider him outright handsome. Of course, when your feet and legs burn and pain all night long and you have to get up and keep taking pills for what eleven months of malnutrition and abuse did to you, you just can't look your best. A 50-lb. weight loss doesn't help much either.

G. F. VAN BUSKIRK

Boston

One for the Road

Sir: Whence came the designation "Skid Row" in the article "Passive Protesters" [Feb. 28]? Any old logger who wore duck pants and caulked boots will tell you the district referred to by the writer was Skid Row. It was named after the skid roads of the logging woods, where bull teams numbering as high as six spans lurched against their heavy yokes to drag giant logs across greased cross-ties set at intervals of 4 ft. called skids.

The pecking order of the men in charge of the operation, beginning at the bottom, was grease monkey, bull whacker (driver), hook tender (operation boss) and hull of the woods (superintendent). These were the col-

orful men Stewart Holbrook and Zane Grey wrote about. They were the men who piled from flatcars on reaching Seattle from the woods and joined the panhandlers, pimps and ladies of the line on Skid Road.

WILSON K. PEERY

Camas, Wash.

Good Lord!

Sir: Jimmy Breslin's agent is not "Sterling Ford . . . a Sicilian who can shoot straight" [Feb. 28], but Sterling Lord (sometimes affectionately dubbed "Sterling God" by his more affluent clients), an Iowan who plays one helluva game of tennis.

In his spare moments from making millions for Dick Schaap, Pierre Salinger and Breslin, he also represents duffers like me.

RAY ROBINSON
Articles Editor

Gond Housekeeping
Manhattan

Compliments to the Chef

Sir: I take umbrage at your snide article on Graham Kerr, "The Galloping Gourmand" [Feb. 28]. You make Kerr sound like an inept prancing fool, when, in truth, he produces some of the most incredibly difficult dishes with the aplomb of a master "naughty innuendos" and "hyper-Briticism." notwithstanding, I feel, when watching his show, that an amusing, handsome bachelorette has asked me to his pad and is preparing this marvelous meal just for me. That, my friends, for a drugged-out housewife and mother of three, is pretty heady stuff.

LUCY SEIBERT

Novelty, Ohio



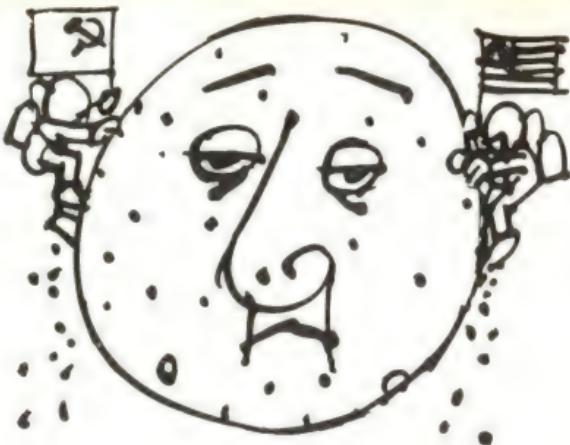


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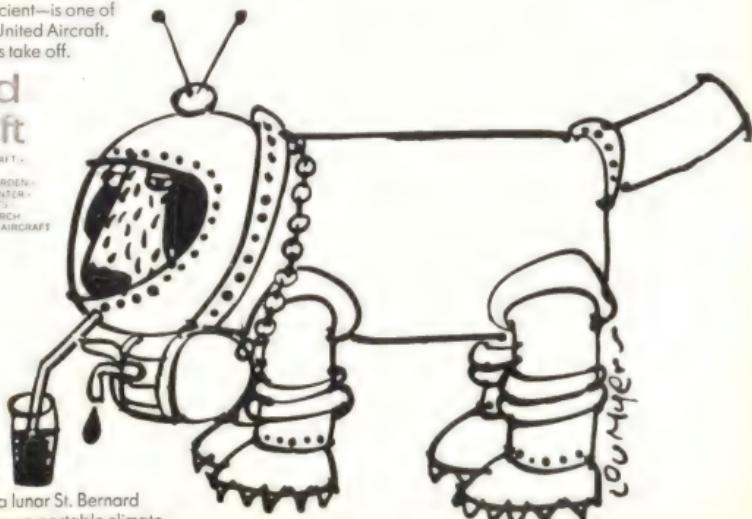
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

March 14, 1969 Vol. 93, No. 11

THE NATION

NIXON'S HARD CHOICE IN VIET NAM

THE war in Viet Nam remains an inexorable burden for the President of the U.S. For Richard Nixon, who entered office amid new hopes that peace might not be far off and that Ho Chi Minh might finally be amenable to agreement, that discovery was not long in coming. Last week continued Communist attacks in South Viet Nam forced him to confront his first foreign-policy

halt: in return, the Communists would withdraw troops from the Demilitarized Zone separating North and South Viet Nam, begin serious negotiations in Paris—and end the shelling of major population centers.

Like last year's *Tet* offensive, the persistent Communist attacks are clearly designed to embarrass the U.S. forces—which have been the target of most of these assaults—cause heavy casualties and demonstrate that the Communists can still stage dramatic attacks on the big cities of South Viet Nam. Ho Chi Minh thereby hopes to test the mettle of the young Nixon Administration by rekindling dissatisfaction with the war in the U.S., and to strengthen his bargaining hand in Paris. As the attacks continued on the President's return from his European tour, the country waited for him to speak. He did not waste much time in doing so.

Clear Warning. The forum that Nixon used was a 55-minute press conference, during which, coolly and without notes, he reviewed the spectrum of U.S. concerns abroad, from Berlin and the Middle East to Peru's expropriation of American oil properties. When he came to Viet Nam, there was no question that he said exactly what he intended. Although he warned against the peril of using "words threatening deeds in order to accomplish objectives," he seemingly did just that.

"We have not moved in a precipitate fashion," said the President, "but the fact that we have shown patience and forbearance should not be considered as a sign of weakness. We will not tolerate a continuation of a violation of an understanding. But, more than that, we will not tolerate attacks which result in heavier casualties to our men at a time when we are honestly trying to seek peace at the conference table in Paris. An appropriate response to these attacks will be made if they continue."

The warning was clear enough—and so were Ho's actions. On the eve of Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird's arrival in Viet Nam for his first inspection tour, the Communists launched the heaviest rocket attack ever mounted on Saigon, killing 24 civilians and injuring at least 47 others. In the Central Highlands, U.S. fighter-bombers knocked out two Russian-built PT-76 tanks attacking a Special Forces camp at Ben Het. It was only the second appearance of North

Vietnamese armor in the entire war. Communist artillery was used for the first time in the II Corps area, shelling 4th Division positions. Some 100 North Vietnamese troops were spotted in the DMZ late last week—the largest number since the bombing halt. In the current offensive, the enemy has been expending small-arms ammunition, rockets and artillery shells at a much greater



PRESIDENT HO
Design for embarrassment.

rate than during the 1968 *Tet* offensive. U.S. intelligence concludes that the Communists are well supplied for a push that could be sustained from one to three months.

Acute Dilemma. The offensive disrupted the Paris peace talks. At last week's meeting in the Hotel Majestic, U.S. Chief Negotiator Henry Cabot Lodge confined himself to repeating bitterly, word for word, his accusation to the enemy the week before: "The consequences of these attacks are your responsibility. They clearly raise a question as to your side's true desire to work toward a peaceful settlement of this conflict." Saigon's chief spokesman, Pham Dang Lam, broke off the session an hour and a half early, and South Viet Nam's Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky took off from Paris for Saigon with-



PRESIDENT NIXON
Climate in jeopardy.

crisis as President. It not only undercut his attempts to reassure Europeans that the U.S. is not preoccupied with Southeast Asia, but jeopardized the climate of calm and unity that he had worked so hard to create.

The attacks in South Viet Nam left 453 Americans dead in the first week, a higher toll than for any one week since last May—higher even than in the first full week of the *Tet* offensive a year ago. U.S. dead in Viet Nam now number 32,376, and the total is fast approaching the Korean War figure of 33,629. With round after round of Soviet-made 122-mm. rockets crashing into cities and killing Vietnamese civilians, the Communists appeared to be violating the tacit understanding that Lyndon Johnson thought he had with Hanoi when he ordered the bombing

out attending last week's meeting, saying that he might not return.

Nixon's dilemma is clear and acute. If his "appropriate response" is not forceful enough, the U.S. position at the Paris bargaining table will be weakened. But if he escalates the war, he faces grave difficulty with an American public that drove Johnson from the presidency and elected Nixon in the hope of ending the conflict. He also risks a Communist pullout from the Paris talks.

Nixon spoke hopefully at his press conference of enlisting the Soviets in attempting to achieve a Viet Nam settlement, and during his European trip urged General de Gaulle to use his good offices as well. If diplomatic pressures fail, however, he has a series of increasingly serious—and increasingly dangerous—options open to him. He could order air strikes against fuel and weapons dumps installed by the North Vietnamese after the bombing halt just above the DMZ, and along the border of South Viet Nam inside Laos and Cambodia. The next step might be to attack military targets near lesser cities in North Viet Nam's southern panhandle. A more drastic reaction would be to resume bombing Hanoi, which has been free from air assault since raids ended above the 20th parallel on March 31, 1968.

Likely Choice. Other military options in North Viet Nam would go beyond anything the U.S. has done thus far in the war, and would raise the level of conflict to new peaks. Among them: invasion in force of Laos or even North Viet Nam with U.S. troops, bombing the Red River dikes to flood the North's chief food-producing region, or making a direct aerial attack on the key North Vietnamese port of Haiphong. Neither U.S. nor world opinion would stand for any of those, and Nixon's new entente with Western Europe would vanish overnight. Still untried, but less drastic, would be a naval blockade of Haiphong or Sihanoukville in Cambodia, the two biggest ports of entry for enemy matériel. The most likely choice, however, is an intensification of the ground war in South Viet Nam, perhaps marked by a large-scale American offensive. None of these courses is without risk, either military or political, and much will depend on the recommendations that Mel Laird brings back to Washington this week.

Nixon has assiduously toolled and oiled the analytical machinery of his new government. The Communist offensive of spring 1969 in Viet Nam is the first sudden test thrust upon it from abroad without lead time for exhaustive reflection. If the Nixon Administration can meet this challenge and go on to find the honorable end to the war that Nixon promised in his campaign, there will be hope that finally the U.S. can fully devote its great energies to resolving its domestic crises. If Nixon fails, the U.S. may well sink back into the swamp of suspicion and dissension in which his predecessor left it.

Each Day Like Another Town

In his early days in office, every President develops his own style and schedule. Once established, they rarely change again, even in the midst of crisis. Richard Nixon has now been in office long enough—seven weeks—to reveal some of his particular traits and habits as President. To the surprise of many, Nixon in the White House radiates an easy self-confidence that was seldom evident during his campaign. When it comes to work, however, he still approaches every task with the efficient no-nonsense attitude that was summed up in the exhortation to his aides that he used at hundreds of campaign stops last year—and repeated as he left his plane in Rome two weeks ago: "O.K., let's go. Another town!"

Every day is another town to Nixon. The atmosphere of the White House West Wing is one of intense organization. The President constantly reads summaries prepared by his staff and enclosed in handy folders. Preparing for his televised press conference last week, he waded through two black notebooks of briefing papers put together by National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger's staff and read another compendium of "suggested thoughts" from his speechwriters. Then he carefully drafted a five-minute opening statement on one of his ever-present, legal-size yellow pads, committed it to memory and delivered it without consulting a note.

Nixon has installed three IBM dictating machines in the White House—one on a table behind his desk in the Oval Office, a second in the Lincoln sitting room and a third at his bedside. He frequently turns to one of the machines and dictates an "action order" on anything from the crime problem to oil imports. He usually brings several filled tubes of dictation to the West Wing in the morning. The memos do not all deal with solemn questions of state. One recent tape noted that while Daughter Julie was married before the end of 1968, she would be better off filing a separate income-tax return. Another asked White House Counsel John Ehrlichman to make sure that the copyright to Nixon's book, *Six Crises* had not expired. The action orders pass through Staff Chief Robert Haldeman for appropriate handling. Lawrence Higby, a Haldeman aide who is charged with seeing that Nixon's requests are carried out, has earned himself the nickname "the Nudge."

Nixon's day usually begins by 7:15. He breakfasts on orange juice, cereal and coffee, then walks to his office at about 8 to go through the morning staff news summary and analysis. Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Congressional Liaison Chief Bryce Harlow come by at 8:30 to organize the President's day. Kis-

singer arrives at 9 to give Nixon an intelligence briefing, and then Nixon begins his regular daily routine of outside appointments.

Nixon goes to lunch in the family quarters at 12:30, takes a 20-minute postprandial nap and returns to the West Wing around 3 o'clock. At about 6, he goes to the White House swimming pool, dons trunks and splashes through four or five laps, as recommended by his doctor. Back at the family quarters an hour later, he often meets a small group for cocktails. Last week the Republican congressional leaders came by for shoptalk, and Barry Goldwater dropped in for a drink. Nixon normally sticks to Dubonnet on the rocks, but if he is in a particularly good mood he will down a couple of dry martinis. Dinner is either with the family or a black-tie affair for eight or ten guests. Afterward, Nixon retires to the Lincoln sitting room and tackles the blue folders that Haldeman has tucked into the President's old tan attaché case, often working until 1 or 2 a.m.

Nixon has taken a deliberately go-slow approach to the nation's problems, and he has yet to produce anything resembling a full legislative program. He can move abruptly at times, however. He announced his plan to end Post Office patronage without consulting the congressional postal committee. While he had first counseled against haste in filling the more than 100 sub-Cabinet jobs still vacant, he ordered a speedup before leaving for Europe.

Nixon's associates promise that legislative recommendations will soon "start popping like firecrackers"—including a "blockbuster" on crime. The President has sent out no fewer than 94 directives asking for reports and proposals across the spectrum of domestic problems. "The pace looks faster from the inside," says one of his urban-affairs advisers. "He's established some pretty firm machinery, and it's starting to crank out some pretty important action now. But it isn't frantic, and it won't be."

"I think he's getting more job satisfaction than he has at any time in his life," says a longtime associate. Adds another aide: "You might even say he's more human." His sense of humor has not suffered, as he showed when John Ehrlichman related to him a conversation with Charles de Gaulle in Paris. The French President was fascinated by Ehrlichman's intricate duties as chief campaign advance man in 1968: organizing the ballyhoo, the bands, the balloons, the crowds. "By the way," Ehrlichman told Nixon, "I signed up for three months in 1972 to handle De Gaulle's campaign." "But," said Nixon, "haven't we got something on in 1972?"



THE ABM: A NUCLEAR WATERSHED

EVER since the development of missile sites that could span continents, the possibility of nuclear-armed rockets arcing over the horizon from a hostile nation has been a nightmare for U.S. planners. How could such monstrous weapons be dealt with? How could the nation avert a death toll of hundreds of millions of its people? For 14 years, military men and scientists have labored mightily to devise some protection against such an eventuality. The principal result of their efforts is the Sentinel anti-ballistic-missile system, a complex of nuclear-tipped rockets and radars aimed at crippling inbound enemy warheads before they can hit their targets in the U.S.

Ideally, decisions concerning complicated weaponry—and the Sentinel system is one of the most complicated ever devised—should be the quiet business of Government: its civilian leaders, military men and scientists. That has not been so with the ABM, as the defensive system is now known. The question of whether the U.S. should install an ABM network—and how extensive that network should be—has suddenly become a national issue that has immense strategic, political and social ramifications for the American people and perhaps the rest of the world. The debate over that issue, warned New York Republican Senator Jacob Javits last week, "could become as bitter and destructive as the dispute over Viet Nam policy."

Unabated Battle

Any President facing this kind of situation would have a major problem. For Richard Nixon, who must contend with opposition majorities on Capitol Hill and try to govern by conciliation, the situation is particularly hazardous. As the Sentinel dispute heated up, he said that he would announce his ABM policy this week. By any reckoning, it is the biggest decision of his Administration to date—and it could bring down righteous wrath on Nixon's head no matter how he decides.

The general expectation was that the President would choose to continue the

ABM program in some form, despite the bitter criticism that that course would draw. To do otherwise would amount to a vote of no confidence in the military and undercut Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, who has come out in favor of the ABM. In the highly unlikely event that Nixon chose to abandon this system, he would come under heavy fire from those Americans who voted for him at least in part because he promised to guarantee clear U.S. military superiority over the Soviet Union. To steer a cautious middle course between continuing the project as laid out by the Johnson Administration and ending it outright, could simply result in satisfying no one. Whatever the President's decision, in short, the battle over the ABM is almost certain to continue unabated.

ABM's advocates contend that the system would be a stabilizing influence among the nuclear powers, a necessary addition to the U.S. arsenal, a strong lever in prospective arms-control negotiations—and the savior of tens of millions of lives in the event of nuclear war. The project's foes, on the other hand, see the ABM in itself as a threat to peace—a new source of fuel for the already flaming arms race and a potentially voracious consumer of resources urgently needed for a lengthening cata-

logue of domestic ills. Beyond that, the critics contend, there are reasons to doubt that an ABM, in its present state of technology, would actually work if put to the ultimate trial.

There is even dispute over ABM's likely adversary. Sentinel has long been billed as a "thin" defense, suitable only against a Chinese attack. Yet some of its strongest supporters—and critics—view it as the beginning of a "thick" shield to counter Russian strength. One point seems certain: if Washington and Moscow decide to invest heavily in ABMs, the world will see a new watershed in nuclear weaponry.

Senatorial Strife

If the stakes are immense, the controversy is vociferous and widespread. The scientific community has been hotly arguing the issue for months. A series of student-faculty protests against the ABM have taken place on university campuses. In areas where ABM facilities might be situated, there have been angry citizens' meetings and demonstrations that the Pentagon's representatives have been unable to mollify. The protesters resent such use of desirable sites, fear that the missiles might be unsafe and, furthermore, insist that their presence would make the host community a special target for the enemy in the event of war.

On Capitol Hill, the Senate particularly has been riven by the issue. Members have been choosing sides without regard to party affiliation. Last week the Foreign Relations Committee, which normally has no jurisdiction over weapons procurement, issued a formal call for delay in Sentinel's deployment. One of the committee's main arguments is that the ABM program contravenes the intent of the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty just at a time when Moscow at last seems genuinely interested in exploring ways to curb the arms race. The ABM dispute may also provide the first major confrontation between Richard Nixon and his possible 1972 opponent, Senate Majority Whip Edward Kennedy, who has become a leader of the anti-Sentinel faction and is spon-



PROTEST BUTTON: "SENTINEL CITIES REJECT ANTI-BALLISTIC MISSILES"

soring preparation of an exhaustive anti-ABM report.

Dramatic and significant as the controversy is, most of the issues involved are neither new nor applicable only to the ABM among major military programs. The weapon itself has been under discussion for many years without exciting the degree of fervor it has prompted recently. Why now?

Hollered Objections

One precipitating factor has been that in recent months the Army actually started selecting missile and radar sites and began physical work on the system. Some of the areas considered were choice suburban locations near big cities, and many of ABM's neighbors-to-be hollered their objections so loudly that their representatives in Congress had to take notice. For legislators who were already skeptical of Sentinel, time to do anything about it seemed to be running out. Since the first appropriations for construction and procurement were approved last year, this year's defense budget might be the last opportunity to halt or slow the undertaking.

The presidential election might have served to bring the issue into focus earlier, but it failed to do so. It was the Johnson Administration that had started Sentinel, and Vice President Hubert Humphrey chose not to campaign against it then (he is now a vocal opponent). For his part, Nixon was warning against a possible "security gap" vis-à-vis the Soviet Union and thus encouraging the ABM's backers. A new Administration and a new Congress offered an opportunity for a new look at the question.

A deeper reason for the outbreak of contention is that the military is at a nadir of public confidence. Although the Pentagon has no monopoly on blame for Viet Nam—civilians made the major decisions—popular frustration vents itself to a large extent on the military command. The *Pueblo* incident, the *Armenia* affair and technological bobbles like the F-111's have further diminished public trust in the competence of military leadership. Dr. Daniel Fink, a former Pentagon engineer who has frequently debated on the pro side of ABM, worries about "the belief that these decisions are made by fat, cigar-chewing generals laughing among themselves about billions of dollars and megadeaths."

Capitol Hill senses this phenomenon. Sentiment against the Viet Nam war has run loose in Congress. There is a growing conviction that the brass is fundamentally unqualified to assess huge, intricate technical projects. Old fears of

* Whose original concept, many forget, was forced on the generals and admirals by Robert McNamara and his civilian experts.

the "military-industrial complex" have been revived; more than 3,000 companies stand to profit from the ABM. Only a few years ago, skepticism toward military requests was almost suspect as being disloyal to "our boys." Indeed, it was Congress that, until recently, was pressing the Executive branch to move faster in producing the ABM, even to the extent of voting funds that the Defense Department refused to spend.

All that has changed. As the Paris negotiations have raised hopes, however often dashed, for peace in Viet Nam, Americans have become obsessed with the prospect of diverting to domestic

the ultimate price of the system would be \$400 billion.

The ABM is hardly new to controversy. No post-World War II weapon has had so long or difficult a gestation. In the inexorable minut of military science, each advance in either offense or defense provokes efforts to restore the balance. Fourteen years ago, the Soviets had no offensive-missile force to speak of, though they had the ability to build one. U.S. development started in 1955 and soon led to the first, primitive ABM project, the Nike-Zeus. Testing showed that Zeus could indeed stop an incoming missile under ideal conditions: dummy aggressors launched from California were intercepted by defenders based on Kauai.

Zeus, however, was merely "a bullet that could stop a bullet," whereas the anticipated threat was a shotgun blast of many projectiles aimed at the U.S. With limited range, relatively low speed and mechanically operated radars that could handle only one target at a time, Zeus offered only "terminal defense"—protection of limited areas. Consequently, Dwight Eisenhower barred production of the Zeus, but directed the Pentagon to pursue efforts to develop a better system.

50 Million Lives?

During the Kennedy years and the first Johnson Administration, the White House and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara resisted pressure from the military and Congress to set up some version of ABM. Meanwhile, the research effort led to Nike-X, an expanded and refined system that employs two types of missiles and electronically operated radars that can handle numerous targets simultaneously (see box, next page). Theoretically, at least, the Nike-X project—which is still receiving \$175 million a year in development funds—thus overcame some of the main technical problems posed by Zeus.

Even so, McNamara, along with many prominent scientists both in and out of the Government, remained highly skeptical of the ABM's efficacy against a large-scale Soviet attack. The Joint Chiefs of Staff, and particularly the Army—which has jurisdiction over land-based ABMs—continued to press for its installation on the grounds that some protection was better than none. Army General Earle Wheeler, J.C.S. chairman, has argued that a full-fledged ABM might save between 50 million and 80 million American lives in an all-out war.

In 1967, McNamara finally presented two alternative schemes, one involving an investment of \$12.2 billion and another costing \$21.7 billion. The less expensive approach might reduce the death toll to 40 million (from an estimated high of 120 million). The second system might lower fatalities to 30 mil-



SPRINT DURING 1963 TEST
Shield or thief?

programs much of the \$30 billion a year that the war has been costing. The U.S. faces vast and pressing needs in the cities, the schools, the hospitals and the nation's very air and water. Many of its legislators and citizens thus see the ABM as a thief that would snatch away billions of dollars sorely needed for domestic use. The likely cost for the specific ABM program already begun is between \$5 billion and \$10 billion spread over several years—which is not really too immense a burden. But many are convinced that the ABM, once undertaken, is bound to grow in size and cost by geometric progression. Democratic Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri, a former Air Force Secretary who is generally sympathetic to the military, declared last week that

lion. Yet these calculations were essentially academic numbers games based on constantly changing realities. They presumed a static Russian defensive capability as it existed in 1967. McNamara himself pointed out the big drawback: "We can be certain that the Soviets will react to offset the advantage we would hope to gain."

This line of reasoning, rebutted by some experts, assumes that the offensive side in missile warfare always has the advantage, that it can cheaply and easily offset any improvement in defenses. This theory also presupposes antagonists of roughly equal strength and technological development. The equations all changed when, in the mid-'60s, the Chinese developed their own rudimentary nuclear program. Now there were two threats to consider, and pro-ABM pressure rose accordingly.

In a few years the Peking regime, which is vitriolic and unpredictable in its self-imposed isolation, will theoretically be able to hit the U.S. with nuclear missiles. Although the U.S. could destroy China as a modern society even more easily than it could the Soviet Union, a touch of yellow-menace fever has set in. "The Chinese are different," argues one general. "They have no regard for human life. Imagine if the Red Guards had got their hands on a couple of ICBMs!" At the same time, the Russians resisted Lyndon Johnson's initial attempts to open negotiations aimed at checking the nuclear-arms race. Moscow made no secret of the fact that it was going ahead with its own ABM. As early as 1962, Nikita Khrushchev bragged that his anti-missile weapon could "hit a fly in the sky."

By late 1967, with an election year im-

minent and the strong possibility that the Republicans would resuscitate the familiar issue of a missile gap, Johnson and McNamara capitulated to a certain extent. Relying on some of the components developed for Nike-X, the Administration approved the thin Sentinel system that had as its main mission the defense of the U.S. in the 1970s against attack from China. As side benefits, Sentinel could also be used to protect Minuteman sites and would guard against a stray incoming missile that might be fired—probably accidentally—by any nation possessing such weapons in the future.

The basic rationale for Sentinel is the expectation that a potential Chinese attack would be light in number (20 to 30 ICBMs) and use far less sophisticated weaponry than a Russian strike. Hence, it could be repelled. Proponents of a

The Missileer's Thesaurus

The nuclear race has spawned an arcane jargon of its own, one that proliferates as fast as the gadgetry that it describes. A thesaurus of key terms:

U.S. Defensive Systems

SPARTAN: the big-punch, long-range missile in the overall anti-missile defense system called Sentinel. Spartan would be installed at most of the ABM sites as the first line of defense, its mission being to intercept attacking RVs (re-entry vehicles, or warheads) while they are still above the atmosphere, hundreds of miles from their targets. Spartan performs a regional, or "area-defense," role.

SPRINT: the short-range partner of Spartan, to be emplaced at some of the sites. Its mission is to attack enemy warheads that have eluded Spartan. Sprint protects a specific locality—a radar installation or offensive-missile complex—and thus functions as "point defense."

PAR (perimeter-acquisition radar): the highly sophisticated, long-range device that would spot incoming enemy missiles, track them and work in conjunction with

MSR (missile-site radar): a less powerful device than PAR, but one that provides refined, close-in surveillance of targets. MSR would direct the firing of Sprints and Spartans.

SABMIS (sea-based ABM Spartan- or Sprint-type weapons): a concept, now in an early phase of study, that involves mounting defensive missiles on surface vessels so as to intercept enemy warheads before the land-based defensive system could reach them. Among its advantages is the possibility of destroying an enemy missile before it could scatter a number of separate warheads and decoys.

ABMIS: the airborne equivalent of SABMIS, now at an earlier stage of study. It would attempt mid-course interception of enemy missiles with projectiles fired from large cruising aircraft. One of its special missions would be to guard against submarine-launched missiles.

U.S. Attack Missiles

MIRV (multiple independent re-entry vehicle): the newest thing in offensive missiles, now under development by the U.S. It will be at least two years before models are operational. The main innovation is that each missile will be able to carry several separate nuclear warheads—as many as ten in the submarine-borne version, and three in the land-based model. Each warhead will be assigned to a different target. Thus, MIRV would increase the nuclear punch severalfold without escalating the number of delivery missiles.

MINUTEMAN: the basic U.S. land-based intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM), which accounts for 1,000 of the 1,054 birds now deployed. The Minuteman series, housed in underground silos to protect the missiles against damage in the event of nuclear attack, is propelled by solid fuel and can be fired 32 seconds after the GO order.

POLARIS: the submarine-borne offensive missile, of which there are now 656 deployed in 41 vessels. They have a shorter range and smaller payload than the Minuteman series, but operate from mobile launching platforms that can generally evade detection while cruising. Three-quarters of the Polaris missiles are scheduled to be replaced during the early '70s with Poseidons, which will have MIRV capability.

WS 120 (for weapons system): the post-Minuteman series of land-based offensive weapons, which would have greater range, accuracy and payload.

Soviet Systems

GALOSH: the NATO code for the Soviet defensive missile, which is already partially emplaced around Moscow. It is considered comparable to the Nike-Zeus, which the U.S. ruled inadequate for operational use.

SCRAM, or SS-11: the missile that comprises more than half of the Soviet land-based intercontinental missile force of nearly 1,000. It is powered by liquid fuel and is therefore slower to react than the solid-fueled American ICBM. It has a shorter range (5,500 miles) but a far larger warhead (up to five megatons).

SAVAGE, or SS-13: the latest Russian ICBM and the first to employ solid fuel. In range, payload and accuracy, it is considered roughly equivalent to the U.S.'s already outdated Minuteman I. The Russians, so far as is known, are not yet testing U.S.-style MIRVs. They have been experimenting with the simpler re-entry vehicles (MRVs), in which the separate warheads carried by one missile cannot be assigned to separate specific targets.

FOBS (fractional-orbit bombardment system): a system for delivering warheads from a vehicle making a partial orbit of the earth. Since the vehicle would have a relatively low trajectory (under 100 miles), it might evade detection by conventional radar, thus reducing the defense's warning time to a bare three minutes. ICBMs normally travel a very high course, thus becoming visible to high-angle radar. FOBS would come in under the radar. Otherwise FOBS would function like an ordinary warhead-bearing device. The U.S. discarded FOBS at an early stage of development as inaccurate. The Russians are continuing to work on their version.



SOVIET ABMs ON PARADE IN MOSCOW
Lead in deployment if not in technology.

full ABM network, however, have viewed Sentinel from the beginning as merely the first step toward a full-scale anti-Soviet network. It was a development that McNamara fully expected when he warned: "The danger in deploying this relatively light and reliable Chinese-oriented system is going to be that pressures will develop to expand it into a heavy Soviet-oriented ABM." McNamara was right. Last month, after Defense Secretary Laird halted actual installation of the Sentinel pending the Administration's review of the program, President Nixon said at a press conference: "I do not buy the assumption that the thin Sentinel was simply for the purpose of protecting ourselves from attack from Communist China." He added that a thick ABM system "adds to our overall defense capability."

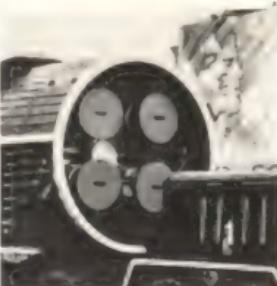
How It Works

Regardless of whose missiles Sentinel guards against and in what depth it is employed, the system's technical concept is unchanged. Aimed over the Arctic (the shortest route), an attacking projectile from Russia or China would take less than 45 minutes to reach, say, New York or Chicago. For planning purposes, strategists calculate the flight time at 30 minutes. PAR, Sentinel's long-range eye, with a vision of some 1,500 miles, could be expected to detect the attackers 10 to 15 minutes after launch, leaving a warning time of 15 minutes. Unlike the old Zeus concept and its limited coverage, a single Sentinel site can sweep a broad area. Each radar-missile complex covers a bulbous "footprint" on the map, and only 15 overlapping tracks are necessary to provide a thin blanket for the U.S., although a full defense would require expanded facilities.

It would, of course, take a human decision that an attack is indeed under way—and authorization from the President—to trigger Sentinel. (An elaborate communications net follows the Pres-

ident everywhere to permit instant access to him.) Spartan is the first weapon to go. Carrying a warhead of approximately two megatons (equivalent in power to 2,000,000 tons of TNT) and propelled by a solid-fuel, three-stage engine, Spartan seeks its target where a thermonuclear explosion can do the least harm: beyond the earth's immediate atmosphere (more than 75 miles up) and up to about 400 miles away from Spartan's underground launch cylinder. Coming in for the kill at such a height substantially eliminates the danger of concentrated fallout, since radioactivity would be diffused. Also, the aim is not to blow up the incoming warhead, which would be nearly impossible. Rather, the airless environment would facilitate the transmission of X rays from Spartan's explosion. Within an area of a few miles, the X rays would penetrate the incoming warhead's heat shield, wreck its circuitry and defeat its trigger mechanism.

Some areas, including PAR sites that must be kept intact to maintain defenses, would also be protected by Sprints. These sharp-nosed, two-stage missiles, with a payload of a few kilotons (equivalent to thousands of tons of TNT instead of Spartan's millions), are aimed at warheads that have eluded Spartan. By this time the attacking vehicle has passed into the atmosphere and is traveling at about 18,000 miles per hour. To kill it before it explodes near the earth, Sprint must travel at fantastic speed. Its exact acceleration ability is secret, but the Army talks of Sprint's climbing 50,000 ft. "in two heartbeats." Sprint would make its interception between 25 and 40 miles from its launch site, relying primarily on the blast and heat effects of its own detonation to incapacitate the aggressor weapon's innards. As with the Spartan, its purpose is not to blow up the opposing RV (re-entry vehicle)—which would dump much lethal fallout on the



CLOSEUP OF GALOSH

territory below—but to detonate close enough to defuse the warhead. Sprint's own bang, however, would cause a degree of radioactivity.

The entire scenario, of course, is theoretical. Dr. Jerome Wiesner of M.I.T., who was John Kennedy's science adviser, notes that Sentinel is "untestable" under anything approaching simulated combat conditions. The warheads have been detonated in underground explosions, to be sure, and the missiles that carry them have been launched, but the 1963 nuclear Test-Ban Treaty prohibits nuclear explosions in space. Even without this veto, it would be fantastically difficult to stage a realistic war game featuring ABM.

The Buts Mount

"We lack vital data about the attacking missiles and about ABM performance," says Wiesner, who calls Sentinel "that Edsel of ABMs." "So we just pick some numbers that seem rational and we use them to make whatever point serves our purpose." Ted Kennedy quotes the Budget Bureau's Richard Stubbing, who evaluated \$40 billion worth of aircraft and missile projects initiated since 1955 and concluded that "less than 40% of the effort produced systems with acceptable electronic performance." The implication, of course, is that if technology cannot perfect relatively simple devices, it seems highly improbable that the infinitely complex ABM will work any better.

Some critics, notably Cornell Physicist Hans Bethe, a Nobel prizewinner, and Dr. J. P. Ruina, former director of the Pentagon's Advanced Research Projects Agency, are more lenient. In testimony last week before the Senate Disarmament Subcommittee, they did not attack Sentinel's basic hardware. Bethe, in fact, called the components "well designed" and said he went along with the idea that Sprints should be used to protect Minuteman sites. Both Ruina and Bethe, however, were particularly critical of Spartan's role.

Like McNamara and others, Bethe has long doubted that any defense sys-

tem can effectively discriminate between real warheads and a variety of decoys and "penetration aids" that the offense is likely to use. Spartan, operating in space, faces a handicap in this area because it is only after the real birds have re-entered the atmosphere that they can be readily distinguished on radar from decoys.

Russia and the U.S. are both capable of throwing up a variety of diversionary objects. Metallic balloons, dummy warheads, masses of tiny metal strips called chaff, can all be employed to confuse the defenders and force them to waste precious ABMs. The presumption has been all along that the Chinese, who do not yet have an ICBM

of Chinese technological improvement into consideration. Sentinel's original configuration put Spartan and MSR sites close to population centers with the idea of thickening the defenses later by adding Sprints, which must be near the points they defend. To move the installations away from densely populated areas would reduce the popular and political opposition to Sentinel, but would also deprive the major cities of the second line of defense that Sprint represents.

One of the most alarming arguments raised by ABM opponents is the prospect that Spartans and Sprints could accidentally explode while still in the ground, devastating a huge surrounding

safety devices, and then bring in additional power. There are so many safety devices on it that we only hope it will go off once it is launched."

Another set of arguments goes beyond technology into strategy and diplomacy. Throughout the postwar period, the U.S. has based its main defense on "assured destruction"—the ability to inflict catastrophic damage on any opponent (until now, the Soviet Union) even if the adversary delivered the first nuclear blow. This second-strike capability has induced the U.S. to maintain an immense nuclear arsenal, far larger and more diverse than that of the Russians.

Why, then, is it necessary to set up a shield against the Chinese with their meager resources? And if it is essential, why consider bargaining it away in talks with the Russians? These are points that have never been satisfactorily answered, even by those who first promoted the Sentinel's anti-Chinese system. McNamara led with his chin when he acknowledged in 1967 that only "marginal grounds" supported the decision to authorize an ABM. That speech has been an arsenal of criticism for ABM opponents ever since.

An Extra Option

The fact is that Lyndon Johnson's decision, dutifully but reluctantly implemented by McNamara, was based at least as much on domestic political considerations as on international factors. Sentinel, wags said at the time, was really a defense against American Republicans, not Chinese Communists. Johnson might well have halted the Sentinel project last summer if he could have arranged, as the Soviets wished, to begin arms-control talks. He had on his desk an unsigned message confirming his willingness to negotiate on the night that Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin brought him word of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. That was the end of that.

Many responsible scientists and strategists make a cogent case for Sentinel's deployment. Leon Johnson, a retired Air Force general and National Security Council aide, argues that an ABM gives the U.S. an extra option in any crisis. Its existence in a future confrontation, say with a bellicose nation that has a few primitive missiles, would allow the U.S. a third alternative other than acquiescing to blackmail or being forced to devastate the antagonist. The U.S. could employ conventional forces in a local situation, knowing that a small nuclear attack could be blunted.

Dr. Donald Brennan, a founder and former president of the Hudson Institute, a private research center, argues that even a flawed defense "makes an attack much more complicated and would tend to argue against anyone making one." He disagrees with the contention that it is cheaper and easier for the offense to stay ahead of the defense. Defensive technology has reached the point,



SKETCH OF SENTINEL LAUNCH SITE*

Academic numbers game based on constantly changing realities.

force in being could not produce so sophisticated a first-generation missile. Still, Peking will certainly develop its missiles with a broad general knowledge of U.S. defense concepts. "Their deployment," Bethe said recently, "will probably be determined by our ABM system. How long our ABM could keep ahead of them is open to question. It may be a few years—or months." Other specialists point out that if the Chinese really wanted to risk obliteration, ABM would not be an insuperable barrier. They could smuggle in the parts of nuclear bombs and use saboteurs rather than missiles. Either the Chinese or the Russians could attempt germ warfare if they feared nuclear defeat. Short-range attacks from submarines sneaking close to the coasts is also a possibility—and one that ABM might not be able to cope with.

Army planners took the probability

area. This point is not raised only by nervous housewives or fanatic nucleophobes. Dr. David Ingalls, senior physicist at the Argonne National Laboratory, concluded in a *Saturday Review* article that the danger deserves serious consideration. Bethe, on the other hand, says that he is untroubled by the safety aspects of Sentinel. In fact, there has been no unintentional nuclear explosion in the U.S. since the birth of the atomic age. Even when nuclear bombers crashed, their weapons failed to detonate. Says one Pentagon official: "The only way to cause a nuclear explosion in an ABM silo would be to have a specialist climb in, rewire the warhead, getting around all those

* At upper left, housing and support facilities. Pyramid at center is close-in surveillance radar, with cooling towers near by. The large square at upper right contains the Spartan and Sprint missiles.

Brennan maintains, where it requires equal effort for the offense to keep pace. To this, Simon Ramo, vice chairman of the billion-dollar-a-year TRW electronics company, replies that with "one-tenth of the budget of ABM, thick or thin, I could wreck the system."

Brennan and a number of other ABM advocates part company with the "thin" school. They urge a fuller deployment aimed squarely against a Russian attack. If both the U.S. and the Soviet Union could agree to emphasize their defensive posture, says Brennan, "we might find it very easy to agree on an effective ceiling on offensive forces."

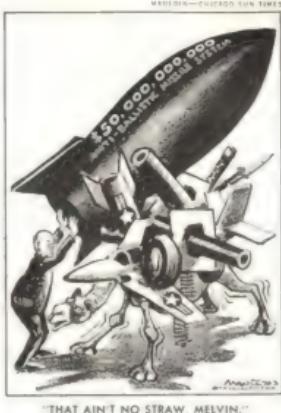
Even some of the most energetic enemies of Sentinel deployment say that they would subscribe to a comprehensive ABM program, notwithstanding the cost, if only they could be persuaded that it would provide an impermeable shield. Says Physics Professor Alvin Saperstein of Wayne State University: "It is not a question of trusting the Russians or the Chinese. You can't trust them. But I don't trust our own military not to lead us to disaster either. If I felt the ABM were effective, I'd live with the damn thing in my back yard. But it isn't." Thus many who want Sentinel stopped favor continued exploration for technological breakthroughs that might assure a more reliable defense.

A crucial question for the Administration is what effect a deployed ABM system would have on U.S.-Soviet nuclear competition or possible cooperation. In the past, the "action-reaction phenomenon" has been the controlling factor. Each side, responding to traditional military prudence, has sought to counter real or prospective advances by the other. The result has been an enormous overkill capacity beyond "mutual assured destruction" (MAD).

Mistaken Estimates

Miscalculations of the rival's intentions are common. In 1960, there was fear of a "missile gap." In 1965, the U.S. concluded that the Russians had given up quantitative arms competition, only to see them spurt forward later. And before leaving office, McNamara acknowledged that, overall, the U.S. had spent too much on weaponry during his tenure because of mistaken estimates of Russian intentions. However, the Russians have accelerated their buildup, tripling their supply of land-based missiles in little more than two years. The U.S. remains ahead in overall nuclear-delivery capability, but Russia continues to close the gap.

As for ABM, the Russians have a lead in deployment if not in technology. They have installed a thicket of one- or two-megaton Galosh missiles—perhaps 75—around Moscow after giving up on an earlier defense ring in the Leningrad area, presumably because of obsolescence. Although no one can be sure of its intent, the Kremlin has reportedly planned a \$25 billion program that would buy more than 5,000 Ga-



"THAT AIN'T NO STRAW, MELVIN."

loses. U.S. intelligence has assumed that Galosh is an inferior missile supported by relatively old-fashioned mechanical radars and hence of no major concern to the West at present. Recently, though, Defense Secretary Laird has indicated that the Russians are working on new components. German military sources talk of a Russian ABM in the 50- to 60-megaton range.

Despite their heavy military budgets in recent years, Russian leaders, like their American counterparts, have good reason to hope for an arms slowdown. Soviet defense expenditures cannot be precisely detailed because they are largely hidden. Nonetheless, it is generally believed that Moscow's recent defense spending has been roughly equivalent to Washington's military budget (after the \$30-billion-a-year cost of Viet Nam is subtracted from the U.S. figure). Yet the Russian gross national product is only about half of the American G.N.P.

This, together with the fact that the



"ALL I'M ASKING YOU TO DO IS
GRAB HOLD OF THE TAIL."

Russians have managed to catch up somewhat in the arms race, may explain Moscow's present willingness to bargain for some form of arms limitation. Another element is that, in the absence of any agreement, both sides might soon consider it necessary to press ahead with new generations of expensive weapons, both offensive and defensive.

How does ABM enter into that equation? Again, there is wide disagreement. Says Kentucky Senator John Sherman Cooper: "This is a moment when negotiations are possible, a moment that should not be lost." George Rathjens, a former disarmament agency official now at M.I.T., argues that the simultaneous deployment of ABMs and MIRVs would destabilize the present equation by increasing the temptation to make a first, or preemptive, strike. The Administration has argued that the ABM could be a bargaining counter with the Soviets. "We must have both offensive and defensive missiles up for discussion, debate and negotiation," Laird said last month. "We must go into the talks with a strong position."

Megatons and Snowplows

On the other hand, the prospect of constructing an ABM shield might be just as valid a debating point as actual emplacement of ABM. Since the system under consideration would not, in any event, be fully operable until 1971 or 1972, it would be possible to keep the program alive without investing much additional money until the prospects for successful arms talks are fully assessed. In that fashion, the U.S. could tell the world, as Hubert Humphrey said last week, that "we are putting down our pistol—but there it is."

For Richard Nixon, has been no easy matter to reach a decision. The international ramifications are complex enough. The domestic considerations are also tricky. Opposition to ABM has provided a rallying point for liberal Democrats while seriously dividing the Republican ranks. The split in the Senate is close enough to give the opposition a good chance to embarrass the Administration by withholding further funds. An Associated Press poll indicated that 47 Senators now oppose construction of the system.

The ABM has acquired a symbolic importance far out of proportion to its stated cost at present—though not perhaps out of relation to the ultimate bill if it grows, as some fear it will. After listening to a debate in Lexington, Mass., on ABM's merits, Boston City Councilman Tom Atkins told a panel of experts: "You talk of megatons. We are interested in snow removal. You talk of penetration aids. What we want is housing. You talk of nuclear sufficiency. I say there is massive insufficiency as far as our domestic sanity is concerned." The statement brought applause from both opponents and advocates of Sentinel. That is a trick that Richard Nixon may find very hard to turn.

DEMOCRATS

Of Heart and Spleen

Vindictiveness is not one of Hubert Humphrey's vices. Loquacity certainly is. During his first lecture as a professor at Macalester College in St. Paul, the former Vice President got on the subject of Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley. Looking back at his presidential campaign, Humphrey commented that the riots during the Chicago convention were a "tragedy" and "I was a victim." Among numerous other reflections, he observed that Mayor Daley "didn't exactly break his heart for me."

Reacting last week with an extraordinary public display of spleen, Daley spluttered that Humphrey had not been his personal choice for President. His preference, he said obliquely, was "the name of a former President"—though it was no secret that the mayor had held out for the unavailable Ted Kennedy at the Democratic Convention.

Daley claimed that Humphrey lost Illinois because he campaigned only briefly downstate. "We carried Cook County for Humphrey by 220,000," he boasted. "I hope the good former Vice President would look at the figures." Humphrey may indeed have looked at the figures, which also show that Daley did substantially better by the two previous Democratic candidates. For John Kennedy he got 99,000 more votes in Cook County; for Lyndon Johnson, 421,000 more than Humphrey in Cook County.

The mayor is still miffed at Humphrey for addressing a rump group of disaffected Illinois Democrats last month. But, as Humphrey commented, "nothing I've said or done should have provoked" Daley's reaction. After all, it was only four weeks ago that Hubert called His Honor "one of the truly outstanding mayors of the nation."



CHICAGO'S DALEY
Look at the figures indeed.

TRIALS

Death Without Dread

What the Latin American male calls *machismo*, a hypersensitive awareness of his own masculinity, is *rujailiyah* to an Arab. When payment for a wrong must be exacted in blood, it is *rujailiyah* that steals the avenger's hand. It is *rujailiyah* that can rob death of its dread. It was perhaps *rujailiyah* that took Sirhan Bishara Sirhan to a serving pantry in Los Angeles' Ambassador Hotel last June and there cost Senator Robert Kennedy his life. And it was *rujailiyah* that attorneys for the young Jordanian assassin were forced above all to battle in their efforts last week to spare him from the death penalty.

First, Sirhan's lawyers had to overcome his determination to seek death in California's gas chamber, even though his suicidal outbursts were silenced in court by Judge Herbert V. Walker (TIME, March 7). It was not, it transpired, that Sirhan objected to the prosecution's having read from his notebook diaries the passages recounting his resolve to kill Kennedy, an essential element of the prosecution's contention that he acted with premeditated malice. Sirhan would actually have preferred to die rather than subject his family to what he deemed the public shame of an airing of his sexual fantasies—scrawled comments about girls he scarcely knew. This, and a revelation of his low IQ violated his sense of *rujailiyah*: "We may be mad as hell at each other," Sirhan's younger brother Munir explained, "but we never show it to outsiders."

Like a Saint. To Sirhan's trio of defense attorneys, there was the nightmare prospect of a repetition of his earlier psychic detonations. When they promised not to call as witnesses the girls named in his diaries, Sirhan became glib and almost ingratiating when he spoke of the man he had killed. When he first glimpsed his victim two days before the assassination, Sirhan had thought of Kennedy as looking "like a saint." Yet three weeks earlier, his admiration for the Senator had turned vitriolic hate. "If he were in front of me," Sirhan declared last week, relating the incident to the jury, "so help me God, he would have died right then and there!" The reason, Sirhan discovered, that Kennedy had been friendly to Israel since that nation was founded in 1948.

Sirhan's 56-year-old mother, Mary Sirhan, helped explain her son's rage, telling of a baby born in Jerusalem amid the turmoil of war-torn Palestine. When Arab fought Jew in 1948, the street before their home became a barbed-wire no-man's-land. As a toddler, Sirhan had witnessed a terrorist bombing, and one of his brothers was killed by a car speeding to outrun hostile gunfire. From modest comfort, the family was reduced to the mindless misery of refugees. It was, Sirhan insisted, a tragedy that had transformed him into a rootless being, even after he



SIRHAN WITH LAWYERS
SIRHAN STEALS THE HAND.

reached the U.S. in 1957. "I always felt that I had no country," he declared to the court last week when he took the witness stand in his own defense. "I wanted a place of my own where the people would speak my own language, where they would eat my own food, where I could share my own politics and my own—something that I could identify as Arab, a Palestinian Arab, and have my own country, my own city, my own land, my own business and my own everything."

Selected Lapses. Defense witnesses testified that a head injury Sirhan suffered in 1966, when he fell from a horse, caused his personality to change: he became solitary and withdrawn. He dabbled in the mystic philosophy of the Rosicrucian cult and revealed that his stream-of-consciousness writings about killing Kennedy before June 5 were inspired by a sermonizing article titled "Put It in Writing" in a Rosicrucian magazine. "Pick a goal," the article had exhorted. "Set a target date. Now start working to make it come true."

Did Sirhan admit that he had shot Kennedy? It was Defense Lawyer Grant Cooper who asked the question. "Yes, sir, I did," replied Sirhan. But his memory of the murder, he insisted, was a blank. He recalled having coffee with a beautiful girl at Kennedy's campaign headquarters. "The next thing I remember, sir, I was being choked." To the defense, such lacunae in Sirhan's story are a source of worry. They believe a full rationale for the killing, however illogical, would give greater credence to their defense of insanity or diminished responsibility. Moreover, Prosecutor Lynn Compton, a dogged questioner, has already begun to pick at the curious lapses in Sirhan's highly selective memory.

Garrison v. the People

The only clear-cut aspect of the conspiracy case against retired New Orleans businessman Clay Shaw was the verdict. After pumping the case for two years in public and six weeks in the courtroom, District Attorney Jim Garrison got less than an hour of the jury's time in deliberation before they unanimously acquitted Shaw of plotting to kill President Kennedy. A less obsessed prosecutor might have reasoned from those circumstances that the jury believed he had no case. Not Big Jim. Said he: "The jury verdict simply indicates that the American people don't want to hear the truth."

With the public machinery for prosecution at his disposal, Garrison still has ample means to force his version of the truth into the limelight. Last week he began Round 2 of his increasingly fanatical fight by charging Shaw, 55, with two counts of perjury. Garrison claimed that Shaw had lied when he testified that he knew neither of the two alleged co-conspirators, Lee Harvey Oswald and David W. Ferrie. This was the only point in the original case that Garrison could produce credible witnesses to substantiate, though it could prove nothing about a conspiracy. For Shaw, who says that he will have to come out of retirement to pay for his already fierce legal fees (estimated to be \$100,000), it meant more lawyers, more fees and the possibility of another prison sentence to face—up to ten years on each count.

All *Bull*, Garrison also filed charges of perjury against Dean Andrews, the Runyon-esque little lawyer who once claimed to have talked to a mysterious "Clay Bertrand" about defending Oswald. The D.A.'s accusation is somewhat stronger in Andrews' case—since he has told three official panels as many different tales, including one version (at Shaw's trial) calling the whole thing "bull." Garrison also charged a member of his own staff, a 32-year-old former school teacher named Tom Bethell, with surreptitiously slipping the defense a copy of the prosecution's trial plan. In fact, the defense team did manage to secure such an outline and used it to full advantage in gathering background on Garrison's witnesses.

There seemed to be no way of preventing Garrison from rehashing the Shaw case in court. Nor is he likely to jettison his whole investigation, which is largely bankrolled by a group of wealthy businessmen that melodramatically calls itself "Truth and Consequences." However, Garrison could get clipped several ways. Shaw has announced that he is considering legal action, which could be either against Garrison or his group of backers. The American Bar Association has hinted that it might want to investigate the D.A.'s "motives." Garrison's real test will take place outside the courtroom. He is up for re-election next November.



DISTRICT ATTORNEY GARRISON
Trying once more.

CRIME

Graves in the Dunes

The two girls had been to Provincetown, Mass., in the summertime, when its narrow streets were teeming with family vacationers and hippies. In January, they returned to the Cape Cod resort during a winter-quiet weekend. Mary Ann Wysocki, a college student, and Patricia Walsh, a teacher, both 23, checked in at a guesthouse run by Patricia Morton. That night they visited three Provincetown bars. At one called the Fo'e'l, they met Antone Costa, 24, an unemployed handyman, amateur taxidermist and divorced father of three.



SUSPECT ANTOINE COSTA
Missing four hearts.

who was also staying at Mrs. Morton's. The girls checked out the next day and were never again seen alive.

When they failed to return to their homes in Providence, R.I., their parents alerted police and an all-points alarm went out. Soon after, police found the mutilated remains of an unidentified teen-age girl buried in a shallow grave in the tiny town of Truro, a desolate windswept strip of dunes and woods only eight miles from Provincetown. Then last week, about 300 yards away, they uncovered the two Providence girls and another unidentified teen-ager. All were similarly butchered.

Out of Gas. A routine entry in the Truro police blotter led to the first discovery. Checking out a resident's complaint, Police Chief Harold Berrio found an abandoned Volkswagen parked in a lonely wooded area known locally as a lovers' lane. On the windshield was a handwritten note explaining that the driver had run out of gas and would return. A few days later, the Teletype cluttered the story of the missing girls and gave the registration number of their car; it matched the number that Berrio had dutifully recorded. The car belonged to Patricia Walsh, but when Truro police went back to look for it, the VW was gone.

They began probing the ground near where the car had been parked. In the first grave, they found a head wrapped in a plastic bag and torso, with apparent stab wounds, swathed in cloth. Further searching turned up parts of the three other bodies. It appeared that the girls had been killed before dismemberment. An ax or cleaver had been used for the grotesque operations. All, apparently, were nude at death, and there were teeth marks on the bodies. An autopsy showed that one of the two teen-agers' bodies had been buried for eight or nine months, the other as long as a year. One of the Providence girls had apparently tried to flee. Police found her handbag not far from the burial ground.

In Burlington, Vt., police spotted the missing blue Volkswagen in a local garage. The owner said that it had been left by a man named Costa, who told him that he would park it there for a month. When police questioned Antone Costa about the car, he produced a bill of sale, purportedly drawn up by Patricia Walsh. He was kept under surveillance, and last week the wanderer—who sports a neatly trimmed mustache, sideburns and "granny" glasses—was arrested in Boston. He was taken to Provincetown district court, where he pleaded innocent to the charge of murdering the two Rhode Island girls. He was then sent for observation to the state hospital at Bridgewater, Mass.

Police continued their search, fearing that they might find in the Truro woods the bodies of several Cape Cod girls who have been reported missing. In none of the random graves could they find any of the four girls' hearts.

THE CITY: TERROR IN WASHINGTON

TO crime analysts in the Washington police department, 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue is just an address—if a rather important one—in the city's Third Precinct. In addition to the White House, the Third includes the State Department, the Executive Office Building and several other bastions of the Federal Government. To judge from the police blotter, it is a pretty dangerous neighborhood: according to latest figures, crime there has jumped 26.2% in a single year. There were almost 400 crimes recorded in that period—62 of them involving at least the threat of bodily harm. In fact, crime in the White House precinct slightly outstripped that of

Missing: more than \$5,000 worth of jewelry and several gifts from her boss.

Even more unsettling than property losses, though, is violent crime, especially rape and armed robbery, which increased 50% in the past year. Some recent examples:

► After enjoying a late-evening drink at the elegant Sulgrave Club, a group that included U.S. Senators Mark Hatfield, Hugh Scott and Howard Baker and Nixon's Communications Chief Herb Klein walked out into a volley of gunfire on the street. The victim was a 29-year-old Treasury agent-in-training who was shot when he refused a hold-up man's demand for money. He was

DON CARL STEFFEN



POLICE CARRYING BODY TO CORONER'S TRUCK
Only part of the trauma.

Washington as a whole (up 26%). When Richard Nixon recently announced his anticrime drive for the nation's capital, he was speaking very much as one of its worried householders—though in far more relaxed terms than most frightened citizens of middle- and above-middle income would employ.

"Crime has replaced the war as top-ic A in Washington," says Political Columnist Mary McGrory. For Miss McGrory, the change of subject was not hard to make, since her parkside apartment in Northwest Washington has been burglarized four times. Another indignant burglary victim recently was Colorado's Senator Peter Dominick, whose son's gold watch was pilfered from Dominick's inner office. Last week Nixon's personal secretary, Rose Mary Woods, returned from the presidential tour of Europe to find that her one-bedroom apartment in the elegant Watergate complex had been ransacked by thieves.

treated by another member of the group, Kentucky Congressman Tim Lee Carter, who happens to be a doctor as well as a politician.

► Mrs. Leonard Marks, wife of L.B.J.'s Information Agency chief, attended a bridge luncheon with eleven other women in fashionable Cleveland Park. In the middle of it, two men invaded the house, tied up hostess and guests, and made off with their purses and jewelry.

► Two thieves with a sense of timing strolled into the Internal Revenue Service headquarters and, with the assistance of a gun, claimed a "deduction" of nearly \$1,000.

► Washington stores in the High's dairy-products chain have been held up 317 times in the past six months.

Ambience in Danger. Because such crimes occurred in supposedly "safe" neighborhoods, because of the victims' renown and the criminals' audacity, affluent Washingtonians feel like the ter-

rorized citizenry in an outlaw-ruled old-frontier town. So many people refuse to stay out late that the National Theater has moved up its curtain time one hour to 7:30 p.m. No longer is it necessary to reserve a table for dinner at a fashionable downtown restaurant.

Since posing as a deliveryman is a favorite trick of burglars, many luxury apartment houses require the doorman to accept all packages. After a number of sanguinary holdups, one fatal, bus drivers have no access to cash (passengers must use tokens or take scrip in change). Some athletic events in public high schools have been canceled or played unannounced because crowds have gone on the rampage at earlier games. "A lot of us—and I was one—kept saying that it couldn't happen here," says Mrs. Tom Wicker, wife of the *New York Times* columnist. "But it did, and we had to eat our words."

"Here," for Mrs. Wicker and other well-to-do worriers, is a big, comfortable house in Cleveland Park, one of the charming residential areas that used to make Washington one of the nation's most habitable cities. Today, the capital's ambience—its malls and boulevards, its monumental architecture, cosmopolitan atmosphere and happily frenetic social life—seems imperiled.

The crime wave is the most frightening symptom of breakdown and change, but it is only part of the capital's trauma. Washington is now 67% Negro—by far the highest ratio of any major U.S. city—and the slums have expanded as blacks arrived and whites departed for the suburbs. The flight of middle-class residents and their tax revenues has placed increased demands on municipal services for the poor and made them that much less adequate. Hardest hit is the public-school system, which once real estate agents now frankly warn home buyers to avoid.

Spilling Lawlessness. In fact, the only new aspect of Washington's ills is their sudden visibility to the people who count. As in center cities across the nation, crime in capital ghettos has been a problem for years, and it is still the ghetto that suffers worst: the 84% crime increase in Washington's mostly Negro Navy Yard district makes the White House precinct sound positively safe, which it is not.

One event can hardly explain why the blatant lawlessness that has always terrorized slum dwellers should spill out into the rest of Washington. Yet, in the disorders that shook Washington after the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. last April, ghetto rioters and looters learned that downtown stores and prosperous neighborhoods can be as vulnerable as their own. For many citizens, that legacy is far more troubling than all the rhetoric and social studies with which official Washington has documented the spread of crime.

THE SAD STATE OF ECCENTRICITY

MADALYN MURRAY O'HAI, the angry atheist, may well have more religious fervor than anyone since Cotton Mather. Her fervor is aimed at making sure that reports of God's death are not exaggerated. Spouting the Constitution as Scripture, she has forced the Supreme Court to ban compulsory public-school prayers, threatened the tax exemption on church property, and is currently protesting the astronauts' moonside recitation of *Genesis* last Christmas Eve. "I'm no eccentric," she said recently. "I'm the leader of a valid movement."

The denial was not convincing, but it raises the question of what an eccentric is in modern America—and how many of them there are. What primarily distinguishes an eccentric, says Harvard Sociologist Peter McEwan, is that he is "extraordinarily secure." Other people are either wrong or going about life ineffectually. He thinks that he has the answer. "That definition might equally fit Atheist O'Hair ("I will separate church and state, by God"), Hugh Hefner, Admiral Hyman Rickover—or Sirhan Sirhan. In fact, genuine eccentricity generally stops far short of pathological conduct. According to McEwan, the real thing is deviant behavior that does not require society to do anything about the behavior.

Between Two Conformities

An earlier America seemed to have many eccentrics, such as Johnny Appleseed and Thoreau, both of whom heard "a different drummer." The Boston Brahmins produced Eleonora Sears, a ferocious walker who once hiked 110 miles nonstop. Mrs. Isabella Gardner shocked Beacon Hill by practicing Buddhism, drinking beer and strolling down Tremont Street with a lion. Until he died in 1957, "Silver Dollar" Jim West was Houston's favorite millionaire. He owned 30 cars, lived in a \$500,000 castle, often wore a pistol and a diamond-studded Texas Ranger's badge. He lugged his own butter to expensive restaurants and carried up to 80 silver dollars for tips.

Where are the Wests, the Thoreaus, the Gardners of today? Some claim that eccentricity is vanishing in America. Mrs. O'Hair notwithstanding, Appearance may seem to belie this conclusion, since the age abounds with beards, long hair, acidheads and nude actresses. Skeptics argue, however, that all this is actually more conformity than eccentricity. As they see it, urbanization has freed Americans from many small-town strictures but has left millions of young people yearning for acceptance in new groups—the hippies, for example—that create their own standards. "Eccentricity," says New York Sociologist Werner Cahman, "frequently becomes only the transition between two conformities."

Meantime, the acceptance of psychiatry has taught Americans to be more tolerant than before of unusual behavior. Eccentricity means, literally, to be off-center. But in the permissive society, where almost anything goes, eccentricity no longer stands out against any dominant "center." Since eccentricity is also relative to its place and time, rapid change now often turns it into conventional behavior. Only a few years ago, Longshoreman-Philosopher Eric Hoffer seemed eccentric indeed; now the young scorn him as an Establishmentarian. Conceivably, some current student radicals may go the same way—as some black leaders already have. In short, real eccentricity is probably harder to achieve than ever.

Still, the connoisseur can find a few true American eccentrics—people who consistently follow their own seemingly exotic standards. Eugene McCarthy, who now disappoints many of his former disciples, marches to his own one-man band. So, for that matter, does Harold Stassen. While Timothy Leary preaches drug salvation, Vince Lom-

bardi has mystical visions of football and Howard Hughes eludes the world behind moats of money.

The country has plenty of less famous eccentrics too. Terified of driving, a Kansas scion solves the problem by packing his Rolls-Royce aboard a railroad flatcar, sitting behind the wheel and riding wherever he pleases. An Oregon sports-writer is so hung up on streetcars that he roams the U.S. to find and ride them. An Arkansas housewife fills her house with flocks of birds that swirl through the rooms; she spends \$200 a month to feed them—not to mention the cleaning bills. For ten years, a 52-year-old man named Clint Wescott camped in a weed-choked field in Los Angeles. Last year, when a New York lawyer tried to give him nearly \$20,000 for the sale of the gas station that he had owned and abandoned, Wescott refused the money.

On the other hand, Sculptor Korczak Ziolkowski needs whatever income he can collect from cattle breeding and tourists to pursue his passion: personally blasting a larger-than-Rushmore likeness of Chief Crazy Horse out of a South Dakota mountain. A fortune from manufacturing has liberated Oklahoma's John Zink, a Hemingwayesque character who thrives in feudal splendor on a 10,000-acre ranch near Tulsa. Zink used to greet guests by firing a revolver into the beams of his baronial office, but stopped doing so when a ricochet almost hit his secretary. One night, when a Supreme Court Justice came to visit, Zink released a coon and a pack of hounds in the middle of dinner. Another original is Seattle's Lorenzo Milam, who lives on a houseboat, runs the Jean-Paul Sartre Memorial No Exit Roominghouse, teaches literature in a reformatory and currently hopes to become Seattle's "existentialist" mayor by "abolishing the environment" so that "there would be nothing to pollute."

Patterns and Possibilities

What makes an eccentric? For one thing, fear causes some people to behave peculiarly when they wish above all to be merely "normal"; some eccentrics doubtless create their own rules of conduct because they do not wish to compete by conventional standards. For others, eccentricity is clearly a bid for attention, an attempt to show their distinctiveness as people. Whatever the cause, there are clearly two basic kinds of eccentricity: selfish and productive. The best eccentrics have always been discoverers, creative men who saw new patterns and possibilities. It is easy to smile at today's International Flat Earth Society, devotees of flying saucers and prophets of intelligent life on Mars. It is also easy to forget that many pioneers, including Galileo and Freud, were initially considered quite eccentric. On a lesser scale, Ford, Edison and the Wright brothers were eccentrics who stubbornly imagined radically different realities. Many crusaders like Ralph Nader, however prickly they seem, often serve a similar purpose. The point is that eccentrics—or anyway the benign kind—are nearly always worth heeding.

Unfortunately, their voice is not very strong today. U.S. eccentricity currently lacks the grand style and creative bursts—either of sane whimsy or crazy sanity—that marked the golden age of English eccentrics, among them one exotic aristocrat who habitually dined with dogs dressed as humans and another who spent his life trying to breed a symmetrically spotted mouse. If nothing else, such obsessions had a mad integrity that might now leaven modern grimness, or even produce occasionally brilliant insights. The U.S. surely could use more authentically unconventional people who dispute conventional wisdom—or at least make life a bit more interesting. A nation that fails to nurture eccentrics, after all, runs the risk of becoming the victim of a kind of national eccentricity.

THE WORLD

VIOLENCE ON THE SINO-SOVIET BORDER

THE Chinese call it Chen Pao, or Treasure. The Russians call it Damansky. Both claim the tiny, uninhabited island, located in the midst of the frozen Ussuri river that forms the common border of Communism's premier countries. Precisely what happened there last week, in the bleak, snow-swept wilderness of eastern Asia, may never be fully known. Only Moscow has offered the world a reasonably detailed—but doubtless in part self-serving—account. Both Moscow and Peking agree, however, that the violence along the Ussuri was for several hours as close to war as the two countries have come in the long succession of border incidents and shootouts since their ideological split in 1960. At least the equivalent of a battalion of men were engaged on either side, and armor, artillery, mortars and heavy machine guns were employed before the battle was over. The Russians claim that 31 Soviet border guards were killed and 14 wounded; the Chinese casualties are unknown. Along any other frontier in the world, the scale of the battle would almost certainly have caused large-scale mobilization.

Shot Point-Blank. As the Russians tell it, the fighting was a coolly calculated, carefully planned act of aggression on the part of the Chinese. Under cover of wintry night, some 300 Chinese soldiers camouflaged in white uniforms crept across the river's ice to the 6,200-sq.-yd. island. Taking advan-

tage of a low hill and the island's trees and shrubs, they dispersed in ambush formation. A second unit concentrated mortars, grenade throwers and heavy machine guns on the Chinese side of the river and strung field telephone lines between the two units.

When morning dawned, 30 armed Chinese appeared on the river bank and crossed over to the island in full view of the Soviet border guards watching from their side of the frontier. That kind of mild intrusion had happened so frequently that the Soviet response was almost a drill routine. The Russian station commander for the area, Senior Lieutenant Strelnikov, took seven of his men and walked out to meet the Chinese. He intended, says Moscow, to protest their intrusion on Soviet territory and ask them to leave. He never got the chance. As the two groups neared each other, the Chinese opened fire. Strelnikov and his men were killed—"literally shot at point-blank by the Chinese provocateurs," according to the Soviet communiqué. At the same time, the Chinese gunners across the river opened fire at the Soviet border guards covering Strelnikov.

The Soviets rushed reinforcements to the scene, including armored personnel carriers. At least one armored carrier was destroyed, and the fight raged for four hours before, in Moscow's version, the Chinese invaders were finally driven back to their side of the Ussuri.

It must have been a fairly orderly Chinese withdrawal, however: the Russians admit that they have no idea of the attacker's casualties because the Chinese took their dead and wounded with them when they fell back. Before they withdrew, they held the ground long enough to inflict some "bloodcurdling brutalities," says Moscow. "The Chinese fired point-blank at the wounded and bayoneted them. The faces of some of the slain Soviet soldiers were so mutilated that they were unrecognizable."

Fry Brezhnev! Moscow was first to report the battle to the world. Peking countered that it was a case of "thief crying thief" and that the incident revealed "the fiendish features of social imperialism," a new epithet in the already lengthy and inventive lexicon that China employs against Russia. The Chinese insisted that it was the Soviets who initially opened fire but offered scant details. What they did offer was an orchestrated but nonetheless astonishing display of countrywide protest.

On one day alone, an estimated 1,000,000 demonstrators jammed the streets around the Soviet embassy in Peking, shouting anti-Soviet slogans and carrying placards that read HANG KOSYGIN! and ERY BREZHNEV! By week's end, at least 150 million Chinese all across the country had joined the frenzied displays of hatred of "the new czars." In editorials published in both *Peoples' Daily*, the party organ, and the army paper *Lib-*



SOVIET BORDER GUARD SLAIN BY CHINESE

PROTESTERS IN PEKING

MARCHERS IN MOSCOW

eration Army Daily, the Chinese warned that if such "provocations" continue, "we will wipe you out resolutely, thoroughly, wholly and completely." In a formal protest note, China's foreign ministry assailed the "Soviet revisionist renegade clique" for donning "the mantle of czarist Russian imperialism."

In return, Moscow accused Peking of deliberately manufacturing the incident for the sake of arousing "extreme chauvinism." And while Soviet mass demonstrations failed to match the Chinese ones in size, an estimated 50,000 Russians stormed past the Chinese embassy compound in Moscow, hurling rocks and ink pots that shattered 104 windows in the residence buildings and left ugly, multicolored stains on their façades. Next day, still more Russians marched, but violence was curbed. One poster read: BLOOD FOR BLOOD, DEATH FOR DEATH, DOWN WITH MAO!

Considering the scrap of territory at issue, all the bloodshed and passion seemed scarcely worthwhile. Originally, the island in question was a peninsula jutting out from the Chinese side of the Ussuri. In the course of time, the Ussuri's shifting currents changed the peninsula into an island, which both nations then claimed. Their territorial quarrels are by no means confined to that particular spit of land. Sino-Russian border disputes go back more than a century, to the time when Russia's Czar Alexander II took advantage of the faltering Manchu Empire to seize pieces of territory all along the two nations' 4,500-mile joint frontier (see map).

Rebellion in Sinkiang. The degree of Russian control over the borderlands varied through the following decades. During the 1930s, the Soviet Union's in-

fluence grew steadily in the far-west Chinese province of Sinkiang, at a time when China's Nationalist government was distracted by the invading Japanese in the east. A few years later, while the Russians were concentrating on the war against Germany, the Chinese re-established themselves in Sinkiang, only to be confronted with rebellions that had at least tacit Soviet support. Even after Mao Tse-tung and the Chinese Communists came to power in 1949, tensions in Sinkiang continued to seethe, though relations between Moscow and Peking were at least superficially cordial. To the east, all was generally calm. The border between Russia's Maritime Kray (Region) and the Chinese province of Heilungkiang was fixed by the Treaties of Aigun (1858) and Peking (1860), and in the 100 peaceful years that followed the Russians built up the huge Far Eastern port of Vladivostok and linked it with western Russia via the Trans-Siberian Railway.

In the early 1960s, however, trouble began to flare in the northeast. "Since June 1962," notes a Soviet Foreign Ministry official, Mikhail S. Kapitsa, "provocations on the borders of the U.S.S.R. have become systematic." For their part, the Chinese claim that in the past two years alone, Soviet border guards intruded onto Chen Pao 16 times. According to Peking, nearby Chiliching and Kapotzu islands have also suffered such intrusions "on many occasions." The Chinese also charge that Soviet aircraft frequently violate their airspace. In the past three years, Moscow has built up its strength along its Asian borders to an estimated 25 divisions. They face about 50 Chinese divisions in Manchuria alone, and another seven divi-



sions in Sinkiang. The London *Sunday Express* reported that Peking has ordered 5 million more troops to reinforce border divisions. There are reports that the Russians have built a complex of sites for medium-range missiles near the border, thus threatening Manchuria and the nuclear-testing grounds in Sinkiang's Lop Nor.

Shrinking Trade. The border tensions reflect the hostility and fear that characterize current Sino-Soviet relations. Frait diplomatic links still exist, though neither nation now maintains an ambassador in the other's capital. Party relations have been virtually nonexistent since 1963. Some trade still continues, but a recent Soviet survey reports that current two-way trade, estimated in 1967 to be \$106 million, is less than 6% of 1961 levels. Given the steady disintegration of the once solid partnership of the two Communist giants, the frontier clashes—and last week's explosion—became inevitable.

Both China and the Soviet Union can probably extract some advantage from the armed clash on the Ussuri. For the Russians, anxious to build European Communist support for the world party conference scheduled for this May, the incident offers proof of Chinese intransigence, and may indeed further Moscow's hopes of expelling the Chinese from the world movement. For Chairman Mao, who plans to convolve the Ninth Congress of the Chinese Communist Party this spring, the incident is being manipulated to prove that China is truly surrounded by foes and that national unity is now a necessity as never before. For the rest of the world, any lingering doubts about the depth of Sino-Soviet antagonism were washed away in the blood that stained the snowy banks of the Ussuri.



MIDDLE EAST

Terror from Inside

The Israelis have taken some measure of satisfaction from the seeming failure by Arab fedayeen commandos to enlist the Arabs of the occupied territories in their cause. Last week that illusion was abruptly shattered. Security forces rounded up 85 Arabs and accused them of having set off a blast in a Jerusalem supermarket last month that killed two shoppers. The Israelis also bulldozed their homes, where massive amounts of explosives were found. The suspects included an Arab Anglican clergyman, who, according to the Israelis, acted as a courier for orders and relayed explosives provided by the Egyptian embassy in Amman.

Strapped to Palm Trees. Hardly was one set of terrorists behind bars when another struck. As some 150 students and professors crowded the cafeteria of Jerusalem's Hebrew University, a 2-lb. plastic bomb, hidden in a flowerpot, exploded and injured 29 persons. On the same day, a grenade was hurled into a bank at Ramallah, north of Jerusalem, wounding an Arab depositor.

The new dimension of terror from the inside added sharply to the burdens of Premier-designate Golda Meir, who, as expected, was voted in by the Israel Labor Party to succeed the late Premier Levi Eshkol last week. Only a day after the vote, trouble flared along the Suez Canal. Hours after Israeli jets shot down an Egyptian MIG-21 over the Sinai, artillery opened up along the 60-mile canal front. For the second time since the Six-Day war, Israeli guns set fire to Egypt's main oil refineries at Suez. The Israelis lost one soldier killed and six wounded during a 5-hr. 10-min. shelling duel, which each side accused the other of starting.

Substantial Progress. Israel has still not responded to the attack on an El Al airliner in Zurich last month. After the widespread condemnation that followed Israel's strike at Beirut airport last December, the government felt it necessary to measure its response with care, at a time when the new U.S. Administration of Richard Nixon is formulating its policy on the Middle East. At his press conference last week, the President reported "substantial progress" in conversations on the Middle East with France's De Gaulle, and "encouraging" talks with the Russians. Both favor an imposed settlement—a proposition that Israel adamantly resists. Though Nixon also added that the big powers "cannot dictate" a peace formula, the Israeli government worriedly held a special Cabinet meeting to hear a report on U.S. policy from its ambassador to Washington, Yitzhak Rabin. This week, eloquent Foreign Minister Abba Eban is scheduled to travel to Washington for a series of talks with officials of the Nixon Administration.

DRIPPLANT—DENVER POST



"BY ALLAH, WE ARE DOOMED! A JEWISH MOTHER!!"

ISRAEL'S NEW PREMIER

"I have always carried out the missions the state placed on me, but they have always been accompanied by a feeling of terror. The terror exists now."

SO said the 70-year-old grandmother that the Israelis last week chose to serve as Premier at least until elections next October. For Golda Meir, the statement was an unusual admission of human frailty. Far more characteristic was her tart reply to those critics who murmured that she might be too old for the demanding task before her: "Severity is not a sin."

Golda Shulanu, or "our Golda," as she is called, has seemed like a permanent institution of the Israel Labor Party and Israeli life for 40 years. Granite-willed, forceful and disconcertingly direct, she is more respected than popular, and as uncompromising in public policy as she is in private principle. While it is a byword in government offices that "no one ever crosses Golda," no one who knows her is surprised at her egalitarian insistence, in the privacy of her home, of having her maid and chauffeur share her table, kibbutz-style. An opposition gibe that "all government decisions are cooked in Golda's kitchen" is obviously overbaked, but she does shift easily between home and state, breaking off from preparing a gefilte fish to salute an army courier or, as she did on one occasion, startling other guests by showing up with a cake for a party at the foreign ministry.

A Talk with King Abdullah. "Never throughout my life," she once said, "have I planned what position I would like to have. That ambitious I haven't been." Born Goldie Mabovitch in Kiev, she was eight when her family emigrated to Milwaukee and a willful 14 when she ran away to join a sister in Denver, until her parents surrendered and

agreed to let her study to be a schoolteacher. Except for a stint of teaching in *folk schulen*, or Yiddish folk schools, she never fulfilled that ambition. Instead, she joined the Labor Zionist movement as an enthusiastic, full-time worker. At 23, she embarked for riot-torn Palestine with a reluctant non-Zionist husband, Morris Myerson, spent two years on a kibbutz and four in grinding poverty in Jerusalem. He returned to the U.S., later went back to Tel Aviv, where he was employed as a bookkeeper, and died in 1951. She remained in Israel with a daughter Sara, who now lives on a kibbutz in the Negev, and a son Menachem, a cellist who studied with Pablo Casals and is now teaching music in New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Myerson, as she was known until 1956, when on Premier Ben-Gurion's insistence she Hebraized her name to Meir ("illuminates"), joined the *Histadrut*, the Jewish Labor Federation, and swiftly rose to its executive committee. When the first Arab-Israeli war loomed in 1948, she undertook her first major diplomatic mission: crossing the border disguised as an Arab woman to meet with Jordan's King Abdullah in Amman. The mission failed, and on the way back her Arab driver refused to take her to the border. Accompanied by an aide, she walked by night two miles to the Jewish lines.

Essence of Morality. Her second major diplomatic assignment was as the new state's first minister to Moscow, where she organized the legation on kibbutz lines, taking her turn at washing dishes. Recalled to be Minister of Labor in 1949, she began a crash program of building housing for immigrants and *goldene wegen*, as Israelis then called their new roads. In 1956 she was promoted to Foreign Minister, a post she held for a decade that was marked by at least one violent dis-

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agreement with Ben-Gurion over recognizing West Germany; she still refuses to ride in a German-made car. More constructively, she began a quiet and highly successful campaign to win diplomatic allies among the new nations of Africa, offering them "friends" instead of "experts" and "shared goods" instead of aid.

As Israel's first woman Premier, Mrs. Meir will, if past performance is a guide, be more decisive than her predecessor and no less unyielding on Israel's twin demands of a negotiated peace settlement with the Arabs and permanent annexation of parts of the territories occupied in the 1967 war. "I oppose anyone who speaks of morality on the territories issues," she has declared. "It is the essence of morality to ensure the survival of the Jewish people in the Jewish state."

No Retreat. As a strong supporter of Acting Premier Yigal Allon and his plan to set up fortified villages along the frontiers of the occupied territories, adopted by the Cabinet early this year (TIME, Feb. 7), she recently stated: "It is inconceivable that there should be any return to the pre-June cease-fire lines. We can never agree to a revision of Jerusalem. We cannot give up the Golan Heights. We can never agree to Gaza becoming a revolver aimed at us. We will not once more make the mistake of depending on the U.N. for our security or our shipping rights."

Last week, in the first interview she has granted since Eshkol's death, Mrs. Meir added: "As long as the Arabs won't sit down with us, that means they don't accept our existence. Nasser must conclude that peace is not something he can give to Israel as a luxury or fulfillment of its need, but as something at least as necessary for his people as for the Israelis. It's not a present for him to give to us. It's something that his children, the children in the Nile valley, need as much as we."

SYRIA

Debate, Damascus Style

Syria's governments have been overthrown so often that there is by now a certain ritual for a coup: martial music on Damascus radio, stentorian communiqués, tanks rumbling in the streets and the losers either shot or sent into exile. Last week, as rumors of yet another upheaval continued to pour out of Damascus, the usual signs were absent. In fact, the supposed new strongman, Defense Minister Hafiz Assad, even showed up in public with the men he had reportedly overthrown, President Nureddine al Atassi and Baath Party Boss Salah Jadid. What had happened, it seems, was not a coup, but merely a particularly violent debate among Syria's leaders.

The argument had its beginnings in the Six-Day War with Israel, when Assad's best brigades were recalled from the front to protect the government in Damascus. Forced to bear the scorn of fellow Arab officers, Assad also chafed at his inability to get anywhere in his repeated requests for more modern arms. In Syria's feuding with Iraq, moreover, he saw his hopes for a united Arab "eastern command" dashed. Two weeks ago, when Israeli Mirage jets raided Arab commando camps in Syria and, according to Tel Aviv, shot down two adolescent MIG-17s, Assad suffered further humiliation. Civilian leaders criticized his forces' antiaircraft skills.

Next day, according to the official Baath version of events, his soldiers seized the police headquarters in Damascus, arrested party leaders in outlying towns and replaced them with the Defense Minister's men, and closed down two party newspapers. Assad had reinstated 500 army officers who had been cashiered as suspected opponents of the regime.

Whether from lack of will or lack of support, Assad stopped short of a full-

fledged coup. Atassi and Jadid, far from languishing under house arrest, showed up at a funeral for Intelligence Chief Abdel Karim al Jundi, who was reportedly so depressed after one leadership quarrel that he shot himself. The two men also appealed to Cairo and Algiers to send mediators to settle the dispute. They arrived last week and apparently had some effect. Both sides agreed to air their argument in an emergency party congress, which Baathist leaders insisted be held "in an atmosphere of complete freedom"—in other words, with no show of military force.

WEST BERLIN

The Crisis That Wasn't

For months, the East Germans and Soviets had threatened a new Berlin crisis if the West Germans persisted in their plan to convene the Federal Republic's electoral college in the western half of the divided former German capital. Last week, as 1,023 West German electors met in West Berlin's cavernous East Prussia Hall and by a narrow margin selected Socialist Gustav Heinemann to succeed retiring President Heinrich Lübke as West German head of state, the Communist response was relatively mild and constrained.

Settling for Less. As many people, including President Nixon, had expected, the Soviets had obviously refused to allow the bellicose East Germans to create a crisis that would have jeopardized Russian hopes of holding talks about arms controls with the new U.S. Administration. As part of his campaign against any political ties between West Germany and West Berlin, East Germany's Stalinist Boss Walter Ulbricht had wanted to clamp on a full-scale land blockade and to harass Allied airliners that carried the West German electors into the isolated city.

The Soviets made Ulbricht settle for much less than that. Though some 250,000 East German and Soviet troops took part in maneuvers near West Berlin's road, rail and canal routes to the West, only road traffic came in for serious harassment. On eight occasions in seven days East German soldiers blocked the access highways for two or three hours; Soviet officers explained that Communist tanks were using the roads.

At week's end, with the departure for Moscow of Soviet Marshal Ivan Yakubovsky, the Warsaw Pact commander who personally directed the exercises, the maneuvers and perhaps also the delays seemed about to end. In Moscow, Soviet officials insisted that Yakubovsky, whose travels in the past have sometimes presaged Soviet pressures, had been sent to East Berlin this time only in order to keep the East Germans in line. Still, a lingering fear remained among West Germans and West Berliners that the Communists would use their new charge about illegal armament production in the city to selectively harass freight traffic from West Berlin. So far, the East Germans have turned



SYRIA'S ATASSI, ASSAD & JADID (1967)
Lack of will or lack of support?

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back only one truck, whose "military goods" consisted of belts, buckles and shoulder straps manufactured by a firm that makes accessories for firemen.

Power Shift. As the crisis evaporated, West Germans had an opportunity to assess the significance of the presidential election. Though he edged out the Christian Democrats' candidate, Defense Minister Gerhard Schröder, by only six votes, Heinemann scored a symbolically important victory for the Socialists, who have been perennial runners-up in post-war German elections. The presidency is mainly a ceremonial office, but Heinemann's victory encouraged them to hope that they can do as well or better in next year's national elections.

The Socialist victory signaled what could become a crucial shift in the balance of power between West Germany's two major parties. Heinemann was put over the top only because the Free Democrats gave him nearly all their 83 electoral votes and then resisted enticements to defect through three rounds of tension-filled balloting.

In the past, the Free Democrats, who command the allegiance of some 10%

of the electorate, have always sided with the dominant Christian Democrats on the national level. In fact, many West Germans felt that the party was unable to do anything more than play junior partner to the Christian Democrats. The Free Democrats' performance in Berlin proved otherwise. If neither of the two big parties emerges a clear winner in next September's elections, the Socialists might be able to form a coalition with the Free Democrats, thus ousting the Christian Democrats from power for the first time since the Federal Republic was founded in 1949.

POLAND

Second Exodus

An old woman dressed in black tearfully says goodbye to her son and daughter-in-law while the couple's children, too young to fully comprehend what is happening, anxiously cling to their parents' legs. An old grey-haired man, whose erect bearing conveys a sense of dignity that decades of persecution could not break, silently embraces his son, who might be a fledgling engineer or doc-

tor. Fearing that his self-control is about to break, the father abruptly turns and walks swiftly out of the railroad station. A tearful, pretty girl of 20 drags a suitcase aboard the train.

The train is the Chopin Express, which at 7:10 each night slips out of Warsaw's bleak Gdańsk station for its twelve-hour trip to Vienna. Invariably, in its second-class, slat-seated carriages huddle a handful of families, single men and young women, all with tear-streaked faces, hugging their bundles and small suitcases. They are the Jews of Poland, virtually bereft of all worldly possessions and torn from their loved ones, who have made the heart-wrenching decision to leave their homeland forever. In the past year, some 7,000 Jews have left Poland; another 7,000 or 8,000 are either in the process of completing the departure proceedings or waiting to wind up their affairs before applying for exit visas. If the present trend continues, all that will remain behind in another year or so will be some 10,000 Jews, most of them too old or infirm to start a new life abroad.

The Jews are leaving for good rea-

Winner Gustav Heinemann

EVEN as the Soviets and East Germans sought to stop the West Germans from holding the presidential election in West Berlin, the West Germans selected the man whom the Communists wanted perhaps least to see as the Federal Republic's new chief of state. The reason: The President-elect's record on German reunification and antimilitarism is so impeccable that East German propagandists are likely to find themselves at a rare total loss for nasty words.

Gustav Heinemann, 69, has regularly taken such a liberal stand on many issues that West German conservatives find him distinctly alarming. A founding member of the Christian Democratic Party who became Interior Minister in Konrad Adenauer's first Cabinet, Heinemann quit the post in 1950 over *der Alte's* plan to rearm West Germany. Though no pacifist, Heinemann, who is a prominent Evangelical layman, felt that rearmament would nullify the salutary lesson of two lost wars. As he put it, West Germany was like a recently cured alcoholic to whom one offered a bottle of booze and said: "Drink up." Heinemann also suspected that Catholic Adenauer was more interested in anti-Communist crusades than in reuniting predominantly Protestant East Germany with West Germany.

Heinemann formed his own small party to fight against German rearmament, but West German crowds hooted him down, because of the suspicion that his movement was being subverted by Communists. In 1958, just as the West German Socialists were in the process of dropping their

Marxist dogma in order to become a more broadly based party, Heinemann joined up. Winning a seat from Essen in the Bundestag, he concentrated on social issues.

When the Socialists entered into the Grand Coalition with the Christian Democrats in 1966, Heinemann became Minister of Justice. In less than 2½ years in office, he accomplished more than all his predecessors combined. As part of a massive revision of Germany's archaic 19th century legal code, he has already deleted the prohibition of adultery and homosexuality between consenting adults and broadened the right of journalists to print hitherto classified government information without fear of treason proceedings. In addition, Heinemann counseled the Communists how to go about re-establishing a party in West Germany without running afoul of legal problems.

He also defended student dissenters during last spring's riots, underscoring the fact that, in a land where individual rights have all too often been abused, he puts unusual stress on human liberty. As German President, he will have little real power. Nonetheless, he can exert a substantial influence on the tone of West German life. That influence is likely to be unorthodox and refreshing. Though most West Germans worship the auto as a status symbol, Heinemann neither drives nor owns a car. Nor does he have the customary built-in German reflex about respect for authority. When a reporter inquired if he loved the state, Heinemann replied in a rare flash of anxiety, "I love no states. I love my wife. That's all." That just may be enough.



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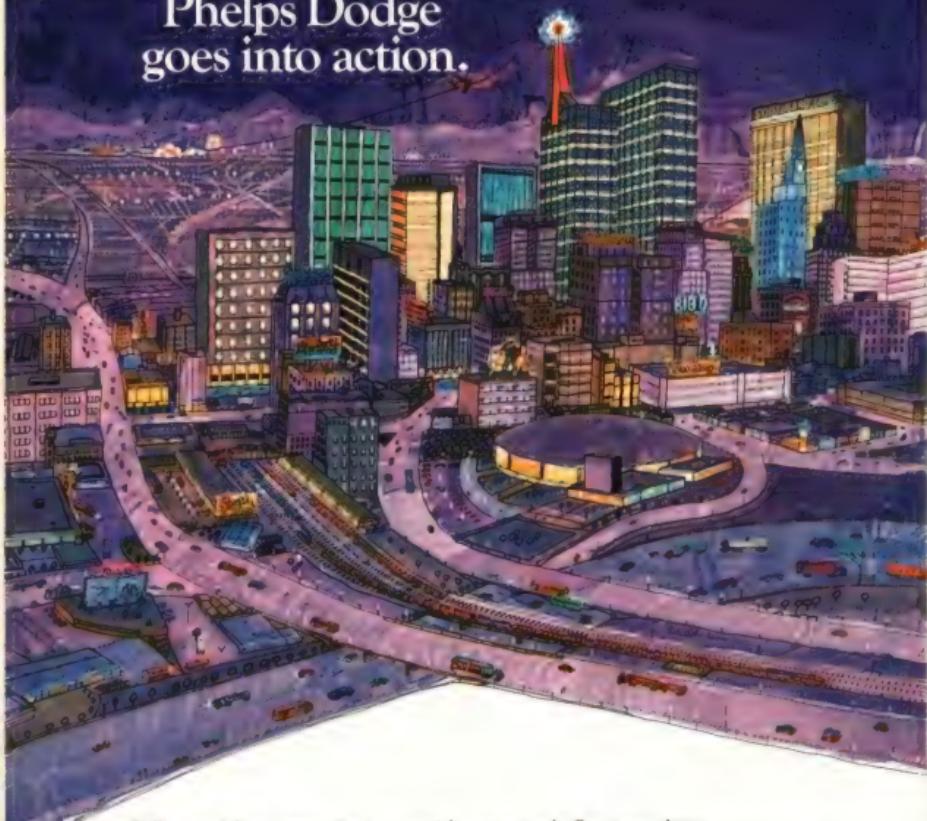


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son, reports *TIME* Correspondent William Mader after a trip through Poland. In few places outside the Arab world are Jews so badly treated. Jewish children sometimes are beaten up by their fellow students. Adult Jews are subjected to snubs and taunts. Worse still, their jobs are increasingly uncertain. Scores of Jews have been purged from high-ranking government positions, and those Jews who have managed to hang on to lesser jobs live in daily fear that one day they, too, will be sacked. In the major cities, the synagogues have fallen into disuse because so many Jews have left. Those who remain meet for prayers in private homes.

Poland's Jews are victims both of a current power struggle and of historic anti-Semitism in Eastern Europe. The instigator of the latest persecution is former Interior Minister Mieczyslaw Moczar, who seized on last spring's outbreak of student unrest to stir up the Poles against "Zionist" agitators. By doing that, Moczar, a rabid nationalist, hoped to undercut the position of Party Boss Wladyslaw Gomulka, whose wife is Jewish. In the process, Moczar inflamed old Polish antagonisms against the many Jewish Communists who fled to Russia during World War II and then returned to Poland with the invading Soviet army in 1944. Supported by the Soviet overlords, the Jewish Communists dominated the early postwar Polish party and helped to impose on the country a stern, sometimes brutal, Stalinist rule that was not broken until Gomulka came to power in 1956.

Legal Unperson. In a successful countermove against Moczar, Gomulka managed late last year to halt the official witch-hunting campaign against Jews.

Among other things, he wanted to reassure the remaining Jewish technicians and industrial managers, whose departure would seriously harm Poland's already ailing economy. Despite his efforts, popular anti-Semitism has remained at a high pitch. As a result, the exodus of Jews continues, even though the government makes emigration a punishing experience. In order to qualify for an exit visa, which costs the equivalent of two months' salary, a Jew must first renounce his Polish citizenship, thus becoming a legal impersoner with no civil rights during the remainder of his stay. In addition, he must pay whatever assessment state inspectors may make for "damage" to his dwelling and turn over to the state most of his personal property.

Permitted to take out only \$5 in cash and a few suitcases of clothing, the Jewish emigrant is then allowed to depart for Vienna, where aid agencies will help him resettle in Israel or in the West. The departure of Poland's Jews is an ironic and tragic turnaround. Though the Nazis exterminated some 3,000,000 Polish Jews, they failed to accomplish what the Poles themselves, admittedly with less violent methods, seem likely to achieve—making Poland *judenrein*, or entirely free of Jews.

SOUTH VIET NAM Assassination Attempt

Premier Tran Van Huong was going home to lunch, and the motocade that assembled to take him to his house was routine security. Led by a policeman on a motor scooter, it consisted of three Jeeps filled with South Vietnamese cops totting M-16 rifles, a fourth Jeep loaded with members of the presidential guard



PREMIER HUONG IN SAIGON
Claymore in the cyclo.

and armed with a .50-cal. machine gun, and the Premier's aging black Mercedes limousine. On both flanks, the cavalcade was guarded by plainclothesmen riding Hondas.

Hardly had the convoy left the Premier's office, a few blocks from the U.S. embassy on Thong Nhut Boulevard, when hellam broke out. A man wearing a Vietnamese Ranger uniform and carrying a pistol rushed up and opened fire on a traffic cop who was clearing the way for the convoy. A cyclo, one of Saigon's three-wheeled open taxis, suddenly materialized in the middle of the street. Two of the police Jeeps pulled up alongside the Premier's limousine as wild firing broke out; the convoy sped around the cyclo and away from the melee.

Huong was unharmed and returned to his office after lunch for a normal afternoon's work. But it had been a close call. The cyclo contained a Claymore mine and two pounds of *plasticine*. The combination failed to ignite, and despite all the shooting, no one was injured. The attacker, still wearing the Ranger uniform, and a civilian were arrested and later interrogated by Huong's personal security men.

Government sources said that the uniformed man, after originally claiming that he had been paid the equivalent of \$85 by Huong's political enemies to kill the Premier, had eventually confessed to being a Communist agent. Inevitably, in the conspiratorial atmosphere of Vietnamese politics, there were those who preferred to believe that the assassination attempt had been a dark and sinister plot hatched against Huong by foes inside the government. The Viet Cong's publicists did not offer any enlightenment, since dissension within the government is, for them, the next best thing to outright assassination.



ROUNDUP OF YOUNG JEWS IN WARSAW GHETTO (1943)
An ironic and tragic turnaround.



POSTCARD VIEW OF GUILLOTINING IN OLD DAYS



CARNIVAL TIME IN CAYENNE

FRANCE'S PAD IN SOUTH AMERICA

TO Paris, French Guiana has always been a very special colony. Other outposts provided lucrative markets and natural resources, but Guiana depended on France for nearly every necessity—right down to clothes, cheese and Calvados. Yet, in a grisly way, the Indiana-sized enclave more than paid its keep. Brutally humid, far from France and isolated by shark-infested waters and impenetrable jungle, Guiana was the dread, virtually escape-proof exile to which France's worst criminals were shipped. The most famous, of course, was Alfred Dreyfus, the Jewish army captain who was cashiered on a trumped-up treason charge. Beginning in 1895, Dreyfus spent four years, two months and 21 days in isolated confinement* before public indignation and Emile Zola's *J'accuse* won him new hearings and eventual exoneration. But almost 75,000 other Frenchmen served time in Guiana. Bulletted by yellow fever, malaria and sadistic jailers, not many made it home again.

Telemetry Stations. Now French Guiana, elevated from colony to *département* when the prisons were shut down in 1946, is bidding to redeem its past through a promising future. The reason: equatorial Guiana is strategically located for the space age. At its latitude of 5° north, the surface velocity of the rotating earth is much swifter than at

* Dreyfus was an occupant of Devil's Island, a place for political prisoners that has become synonymous with the French prison system. As a whole Devil's is one of three coastal islands ironically named the Salvation Islands. Nearly Ille Royale was for dangerous prisoners and Ille St. Joseph for incorrigibles who, if they continued to make trouble, were guillotined and tossed to the sharks. Other prisoners were quartered on the main land at St. Laurent prison.

Cape Kennedy, which is at latitude 28° north. Thus, a rocket fired in Guiana can lift about 24% more payload with the same thrust than one fired at Cape Kennedy. Moreover, Guiana has a 120° stretch of open water north and east of it that is ideal for polar-orbit launching. As a result, France, forced out of its former space station in the Algerian desert two years ago, is bringing French Guiana into the space age with a \$102 million investment in launch pads and their support complexes.

The new base, officially called *Le centre spatial guyanais* (but likely to be referred to as "Cape de Gaulle" as work goes on), will be used solely for scientific shots, including space probes to study such phenomena as alpha radiation and communications satellites to link Western Europe with other continents. Located in a spread of savanna and sandy coastline at Kourou, 26 miles north of the capital of Cayenne, the space center is tied to tracking or telemetry stations at Brétigny-sur-Orge in France, the Canary Islands, the Congo (Brazzaville), Upper Volta and South Africa. From its complex, six space probes have already been launched this year, and scientists and technicians are now working on the 18 more scheduled to follow.

Inevitably, as French scientists and technicians have arrived, Kourou has mushroomed from a back-country village to a boom town of 5,000 people. Eventually the population will reach 50,000. In order to build launch pads, schools, power plant, sewer lines, dispensaries and 50 miles of paved road, laborers have already been brought in from Brazil, Martinique, Guadalupe, Saint Lucia and so many surrounding

places that 22 nationalities are now at work together.

Creoles in Miniskirts. Kourou's instant urbanization is attractive. TIME correspondent William Forbis reported after a visit. Trim white bungalows, three- and four-story apartment houses, outdoor fountains and sculpture, a shopping arcade and new hotels are in place, including the 100-room Hôtel des Roches, which went up alongside the old "Dreyfus Tower" used by signalmen 75 years ago to communicate with Devil's Island eight miles across the water.

Peugeots and Citroëns clutter formerly drowsy streets, and Creole girls in miniskirts speed by on Honda motorbikes. Kourou's outstanding restaurant-bar belongs to Raymond Vaudé, a grey-haired, aquiline *mééro*, or Continental Frenchman, who boasts three distinctions. He never appears without a white visored cap, he comes from De Gaulle's town of Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises, and he is a *bagnard*, or ex-convict. While a black cat stalks up and down his bar, Vaudé, a one-time burglar, eagerly sells his space-age customers postcards depicting naked prisoners hobbled in leg irons, cramped in the ancient two-ft.-wide cells or being guillotined. Another *bagnard* painted the scenes from memory.

Graced by new hotels and brought closer to France by four-a-week jet flights, Guiana has even begun to dream of flocks of tourists. One attraction is the jungle, where jaguars, anteaters, alligators and piranha abound and where slave-descended bush Negroes speak a language of only 340 words called *taki taki*. The tourist who seeks new frontiers had better jet in fast, however. In the space age, the *taki taki* vocabulary is already growing, and some of the bush Negroes are reportedly dancing the twist and the boogaloo.

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CHILE

Swing to the Right

Five years ago, Chile's Eduardo Frei and his Christian Democratic Party capitalized on widespread fear of a Communist election victory to capture the presidency and, in the process, polled the biggest vote ever garnered by a Chilean political party. In two subsequent elections, however, the party's appeal has skidded sharply from the 55% of the vote it drew in 1964. Last week, in the last congressional elections before the 1970 presidential campaign, the Christian Democrats slipped even farther, polling less than a third of the vote. Surprisingly, the biggest beneficiary was not Chile's active extreme left, but the right-wing National Party, a coalition of long-derided conservatives.

When all the ballots were counted last week, Frei's ruling party, which got 31% of the popular vote, had lost 27 of its 82 seats in the 150-member lower house—and its majority. The Nationalists, jumping from eight to 34 seats, won 21% of the vote.

Revolution in Liberty. Frei was quick to belittle rightist gains, claiming that the National Party's one-fifth of the vote merely reflected the normal but limited strength of right-wing causes the world over. Still, there was no denying that thousands of Chileans had rebuffed his "Democratic left." While the capable and well-intentioned Frei has been able to push through some agrarian and economic reforms, his campaign slogan of 1964, "Revolution in Liberty," never really caught on.

It was not entirely Frei's fault. From the beginning of his six-year term, the elements seemed to combine against him in one calamity after another. Chile was racked by destructive earthquakes and storms: now it is suffering the worst drought in its recorded history (TIME, Jan. 24). Inflation has spiraled: last year alone the cost of living rose by more than 30%. The rise, accompanied by higher taxes, upset Chile's sizable middle class. Also, many Chileans were disturbed by what they considered the leftward drift of the Christian Democrats. Frei had to contend with a militant left fringe in his party that advocates more far-reaching reforms and an essentially socialist economic system.

The Courted Radicals. In the short run, the election losses will impede Frei's efforts toward further reforms in his remaining 19 months in office (under Chilean law, he cannot run for a second successive term). More important, the Christian Democrats will now have to find allies for the bigger stakes, the presidential race next year. The most likely seem to be the centrists of the Radical Party, who polled 13% of the vote last week. What will make such maneuvering doubly interesting is that the rightist National Party, its presidential hopes inspired by last week's gains, will probably court the Radicals for the same purpose.

A Happy 200th to Simenon

First Jet-Setter: Listen for our flight call to Katmandu, will you, darling? I want to pick up a maigret.

Second Jet-Setter: While you're up, will you get me a simenon?

NEITHER Franglais nor Esperanto, the words "maigret" and "simenon" are nevertheless working their way into many of the world's vocabularies. Properly, a maigret is a detective story whose hero is a Parisian police inspector by that name, but so many maigrets have been published that the word is now used to describe mystery stories in general. In a stricter sense, a simenon is any novel except a maigret by Maigret's progenitor, Belgian-born

JEAN MERGUEZ



SIMENON IN EPALINGES

Author Georges Simenon, 66, Simenon has produced a total of 74 maigrets and 126 simenons, which have appeared in 43 languages. Last week, with the publication in French of *Il y a encore des noisetiers* (There Are Still Hazel Bushes), Simenon's output under his own name reached a round 200 novels. He has also written 300 other works of fiction using 19 noms de plume.

This prodigious output has long since made the author a millionaire. Simenon's house at Epalinges, a small Swiss village near Lausanne, has 26 rooms, 21 telephones, portraits of its owner by Buffet, Vlaminck and Cocteau. But the house is more important as a mark of contentment for the Liege-born Simenon, who shares it with Second Wife Denise, their three children and a livery of servants. Previously, his restlessness pushed him for varying periods into 30 residences around the world as well as into a stoop on which he cruised through Europe. Simenon even had an American

interval: five years in Connecticut during which he shared a barber with James Thurber. "How lucky you are not to have literary cafés in America," Simenon said last week. "In France, they think I'm a barbarian because I don't mix with other writers."

Simenon no longer mixes much at all. His day begins at 6 a.m. but, since he acts as his own agent, much time is taken up with voluminous correspondence with publishers in each country where his books appear. He writes in brief, intense spurts, but he is no longer quite as prolific as he was in 1928, for example, when he turned out 40 books in one year. Simenon's yearly harvest is now four, and he uses an IBM electric typewriter in place of the pencils that once lasted only three lines each before they became blunted and were tossed away. Puffing constantly on a pipe (like Maigret), Simenon begins a book by christening its characters (from a slew of international telephone books he keeps on hand for the purpose) and providing each with detailed dossiers. Maigret, for instance, is heavy-set, patient as Job and frequently compassionate toward the murderers he catches. Then, in what he calls his "state of grace," Simenon's subconscious takes over and evolves a plot. Simenon takes only eight days to write each book, relentlessly crosses off the days on a calendar. Finished manuscripts are tossed aside for three weeks and then revisions quickly made. *Hazel Bushes*, which deals with the life and wives of a Parisian banker named François Perret-Latour, is "very different from what I have done before." Where earlier books usually had a kind of bittersweet resignation as a conclusion, this one, says Simenon, "has optimism at the end."

Awaiting Judgment. Sipping Pommery champagne last week to ease a virus infection—Maigret, whose bourgeois taste runs to Vouvray, beer or sloe gin sent by his sister-in-law in Alsace, would surely disapprove—Simenon talked about his cornucopia of literature. "Personally I prefer the straight novels to the maigrets. But I don't want to just drop Maigret. So now I do the maigrets for fun, when I'm tired but want to write something." New readers keep discovering Inspector Maigret and, through him, the other books that Simenon calls his "hard" literature. But will this interest last? "The great drama of writers is that we always die without knowing whether we're a success or not. After death, there's always a period of purgatory for a writer's reputation, when it's uncertain what the final judgment will be. Maybe I'm a writer who counts, maybe not." He has, of course, already achieved a kind of immortality in adding the words maigret and simenon to the international lexicon.



The 1969 Cadillac Fleetwood 60 Special. GM Corp., Cadillac Motor Car Division.

The splendor of the most special occasion is rivaled only by the pleasure of journeying there in a Cadillac. After an evening with Cadillac, you'll find it difficult to return to ordinary motoring.

Cadillac
STANDARD OF THE WORLD



Trees travel far and wide while they are still seeds.

**Some fly. Some float.
Some hitchhike.**

Tree seeds are scattered in many ingenious ways. Some are sent on long ocean voyages. Others are fired like buckshot. Others are enclosed in fruity pomes or meaty nuts that animals eat, or in sticky pods that attach to an animal's hair. But whatever the size or shape of a seed's package, from a tough and fibrous coconut shell to a delicate spinning maple key, the seed inside has the same basic form. It is always the fertilized "egg" of a new tree, struggling to take root in new ground.

The growth of seeds into trees is important to St. Regis, because wood is our basic resource. From it we make products as diverse as corrugated containers for shipping, papers for books and lumber for buildings.

The life of the forest is St. Regis' life. Like other members of the forest products industry, we are vitally concerned with maintaining the usefulness and beauty of America's forests for the generations to come.

ST REGIS



Maple.

The graceful maple "keys" belong to a botanical group known as samaras, or winged seeds. Each wing falls with a spinning motion that stows its descent. In a breeze, it may carry its seed hundreds of yards before reaching the ground.



Mangrove.

The fruits of this tropical tree germinate while still on the branch, forming pointed roots. When these root "seeds" bear to a shore, they thrust deep into the mud where the waves cannot dislodge them before they take root.



Apple.

Many trees depend on animals to spread their seeds. With a horse earthen apple, the seed is carried by passing it unharmed through the digestive system. The few varieties favored by humans can be reproduced only by grafting, plant the seed of any apple and it will yield only small, sour fruit.



White pine.

High on the tree, where sheltered, you will often find many cones with wings, the wind carrying the seeds to the winds. These seeds are so plentiful that a single tree can supply 100,000,000 seeds, falling like snow over the ground in a year or two.



Willow.

These plants are also wind-borne, but with a difference. They are embedded in soft, light, & fluffy fluff. They can be powdered by a light breeze. If this falls on favorable soil, there are many seeds in a few hours, putting out thin green shoots.



Witch hazel.

This is one of the trees that fire their seeds like bullets. Witch hazel pods contract as they dry, causing the seeds inside to fly. Finally, with a loud snap they shoot the seeds far and fast, like shotgun shells. In the woods, new seedlings can grow uncheckered by the parent tree.



Coconut.

A hard, durable waterproof covering protects the coconut. When it falls from a tree, it breaks, the young coconut inside which are enclosed, encased by the coconut's own "canal" system of roots. These grow out through the fibrous indurations in the shell.



Pecan.

Although its shell is thin, this is one of the most durable to bear long distances and stay alive. Four strong wind storms can destroy a nut tree in 1000 miles, yet longer ones with strong winds yet more miles away are produced by central breezy cyclones.



Black walnut.

Another nut that may travel by airplane, if not by wind. It is the nut of the black walnut. The hard-shelled nut is enclosed within a rough, brown, dry-looking skin, well within the other, inside the cortex. A walnut has eight times the protein of milk.



Cherry.

Cherries have a hard, juicy pulp around a stone, containing many proteins that assist in digesting the fruit. The pulp is easily eaten by birds, which disperse the seeds over wide areas.



Beech.

Small, hard, brittle nuts with shells for enclosing those nuts to babies. These nuts are eaten raw or are germinated in pots of moist peat moss before being eaten raw in the fall. They are also kept until spring to help the trees grow rapidly. The nuts are very hard, so that babies are often struck by them.



Oak.

For the acorn to grow it must be dispersed in order to get to the soil and start growing. It must be a nut that "floats" in the air. The acorns must germinate in the air and then fall to the ground. When oak trees do not begin to produce acorns, they usually live until at least 100 years old.

The Legend of 100 Pipers

There's a legend
that says you hear
one Piper playing when
you sip a good Scotch.
Two Pipers, if the
Scotch is smooth.
Maybe five or six,
if it's mellow.

But only when you
sip a truly great, great
Scotch will you ever hear
one hundred Pipers.
So goes the legend.

Seagram captured this
legend in a bottle and
called it 100 Pipers.
Which tells you
something about the
taste of our Scotch.

**Seagram's 100 Pipers Scotch.
Taste that matches legend.**

Every drop bottled in Scotland at 86 Proof. Blended Scotch Whisky. Imported by Seagram Distillers Inc., N.Y.C.



PEOPLE

Four years ago, she hit the American scene in her size 50 muumuu, resembling a Hudson Hornet draped in one of Omar's tents. But look what's happened to **Mama Cass Elliott**. After almost two years of dieting, she has shed better than 120 lbs., down from 290 to a mere 164. It was expensive though—"about \$2,000 a pound," said Cass, explaining that her regimen (four days of complete fasting per week) finally put her in the hospital and forced her to cancel \$250,000 worth of bookings. "The Mama Cass diet can give you acute tonsillitis, hemorrhaging vocal cords, mononucleosis and a case of hepatitis."

BERT WITTELMAN



MAMA CASS AFTER DIET

More and then Oscar.

she said. And now? "Lose 55 more pounds—then ask Oscar de La Renta to design an entire wardrobe."

No one has ever accused Britain's **Prince Philip** of reticence. Yet rarely has he ranged as widely and acridly as in an interview with *The Director*, a London business magazine. On his countrymen's work habits: "The number of people who are actively constructive are minimal compared to the numbers who are just sitting there." On governmental controls: "People will soon need a license to breathe. I know that in Scotland we had to get permission to block up a fireplace in a cottage. It's unbelievable!"

They were on a plane returning from Australia, and he tossed a crumpled note asking who she was. So she tossed one back asking who he was, and he lobbed another, saying, "Mr. Williams, fisherman." That was five years ago, and today beautiful Dolores Williams,

one-time *Vogue* model, can match her husband cast for cast ("Sometimes I'm even better than he is"). Except that there won't be so much fishing from now on. **Ted Williams**, 50, baseball's terrible-tempered but altogether "Splendid Splinter" of the 1940s and '50s, is back in the game as manager of the Washington Senators—and that is just fine with Dolores. "It's about time he learned to get along with people," she said. "He's up and down like the weather."

There was the usual run of Irish jokes and Polish jokes and Jewish jokes. But the star of the annual Circus Saints and Sinners show was a tall guy with a lopsided grin who told a few on himself. "In case you have forgotten, I'm the man who wound up a little more than 300,000 heartbeats from the presidency," quipped Senator **Edmund Muskie**, the guest of honor. However, he pointed out, "There's only one thing lower than a defeated candidate for Vice President—and that's a successful one." Besides, "I have some reason to believe I can get an honorary degree from Macalester College."

Gloom hung thick over the group of 100 "prominent intellectuals" assembled in Manhattan at a "Theater for Ideas." The question for discussion was "The End of the Rationalist Tradition?"—and the answer seemed obvious. Pronounced Poet **Robert Lowell**: "The world is absolutely out of control now, and it's not going to be saved by reason or unreason." Said Author **Leslie Fiedler**: "Reason, although dead, holds us with an embrace that looks like a lovers' embrace but turns out to be *rigor mortis*. Unless we're necrophiles, we'd better let go." Intoned **Norman Mailer**: "Somewhere, something incredible happened in history—the wrong guys won. We're heading for a conclusion that consists of Joey Namath grinning hungrily over the line at Earl Morrall."

The way **Hubert Horatio Humphrey** tells the story, traffic at a Miami intersection was piling up around a lady who had stalled her car. Lights changed, tempers rose, horns honked. So **H.H.**, followed by his Secret Service bodyguard, stepped from his car and pushed the stalled vehicle over to the side of the road. Humphrey then smiled in on the lady and her daughter. The woman pondered the familiar face. "Are you from the bank?" she asked. "Madam," offered the Secret Service man, "this is the Vice President." "Of what?" countered the lady. "Mother," whispered the daughter, "that's the man we voted for in the election." Mother peered more closely. "Nonsense," she said. "You don't look a bit like Lyndon Johnson."

"By all means let's have sex in fiction. Let's take coitus out of the closet and off the altar and put it on the con-

tinuum of human behavior." That was Author **John Updike** talking, in George Plimpton's quarterly *Paris Review*. Said John: "I plotted *Couples* almost entirely in church—little shivers and urgencies I would note down on the program and carry down to the office Monday."

Good grief. The world has barely had time to adjust to the news that **Ewa Aulin**, 19, that sugar-sweet girl from *Candy*, had married British Writer John Shadow last year in Mexico. Now comes word that the lissome lass with the drooping baby blue eyes will become a mother this year. And that, said Ewa, is just the beginning. "I want lots of children. Little children are the wonders of the world. They are in-



EWA & JOHN SHADOW
Little wonders for the world.

nocent. They are pure. They will go out into the world and perhaps then the world will be beautiful."

Though 73 years old, **Henry Beetle Hough**, dean of country-editors, still has a clear eye for whimsy and a delicate needle for his brethren in the publishing world. Witness the letter-to-the-editor that Hough recently offered readers of his *Vineyard Gazette* on the island of Martha's Vineyard, Mass.: "Now I have a real problem. *McCall's Magazine* advised my wife that 1,992 'lively' women in the Chilmark area are receiving a copy of *McCall's* every month and would she become number 1,993? The latest census of Chilmark shows a total of 300 souls, of which 160 are female ranging from 1 to 101. Now, dear Oracle, that means 1,832 women are running loose and reading *McCall's* someplace in Chilmark. Where do you suggest we find the 1,832 women, or should the 140 men run for their lives?" Signed: Joseph G. Kraetzer (male).

A Spectacular Step Toward Lunar Landing

At first it was only a tiny speck in the sky. Then, as Astronaut David Scott peered through the window of Apollo 9's orbiting command module, the speck grew into the most ungainly manned craft ever sent into orbit. Said Scott: "You're the biggest, friendliest, funniest-looking spider I've ever seen." He was talking to the lunar module, known as Spider, and it bore two other astronauts who had earlier left Scott to guide it through space. By flying their ship through orbital maneuvers designed to simulate those to be used by astronauts returning from the surface of the moon, Astronauts James McDivitt and Russell Schweickart rendezvoused with Apollo 9 and Scott, then docked with the command module.

"O.K., Houston, we're locked up," Scott radioed to ground controllers. "Wow!" exclaimed McDivitt after a tone signal confirmed that the two ships were firmly joined. "I haven't heard a sound that good for a long time."

McDivitt had good reason to be elated. Last week's docking marked the successful conclusion of a complex and dangerous operation. It provided the final evidence that the lunar module, plagued with problems during its testing on earth, was really spaceworthy. It also immeasurably boosted prospects that U.S. astronauts would set foot on the moon this summer.

Ten hours earlier, McDivitt and Schweickart had crawled from Gumdrop—the Apollo command and service module—and made their way through a narrow tunnel into Spider. Then, after a few uneasy moments when the docking mechanism snagged, Scott worked Gumdrop loose and fired his thrusters briefly to separate the two craft. With McDivitt at the controls, Spider shoved off onto its maiden solo flight. It moved into a different orbit from Gumdrop's and at one point fell more than 100 miles behind. Then McDivitt began maneuvering back toward the suspenseful rendezvous and docking. Had they not been able to re-enter Gumdrop's cabins, McDivitt and Schweickart would have been doomed. Designed to operate only in the vacuum of space, Spider has no heat shield and would have burned up while re-entering the earth's atmosphere.

Canceled Space Walk. Spider's return to Gumdrop was the highlight of the mission, which began last week after a three-day delay to allow the astronauts to recover from troublesome colds. Launched by a Saturn 5 rocket into a near-perfect orbit, Gumdrop, in flawless sequence, separated from the third-stage S-4B rocket, pivoted in space, hooked up with Spider and plucked it out of the nose of the orbiting S-4B. On the third day, Astronauts McDivitt and Schweickart got ready to enter Spi-

der through the 47-in.-long, 32-in. diameter connecting tunnel.

For the first time, there was trouble on the mission. Soon after taking a motion-sickness pill, Schweickart vomited. After recovering, he and McDivitt crawled into Spider, then he vomited again. Concerned, McDivitt used a private communications channel to inform ground controllers about Schweickart's problems. Fearful that the rookie astronaut might become ill again, NASA officials decided to cancel his scheduled space walk the following morning. He vomited while wearing his helmet in space, he might well choke to death.

Growing Resentment. Schweickart's sickness triggered a larger crisis on earth than it did in space. There has been growing embarrassment and resentment among the astronauts over the disclosures of their diarrhea and nausea attacks, and Head Astronaut "Deke" Slayton insisted that news of Schweickart's illness be withheld. Robert Gilruth, director of the Manned Spacecraft Center, and other NASA officials disagreed and joined in a heated argument.

When Gilruth finally ruled that the tape of Schweickart's private conversation be withheld but that a paraphrased version be released to the press, the astronauts at the Houston center were furious. "I'll never tell the ground a goddam thing from up there," one ground-bound astronaut vowed. After a number of frantic calls to Washington, the warning factions reached Thomas Paine,

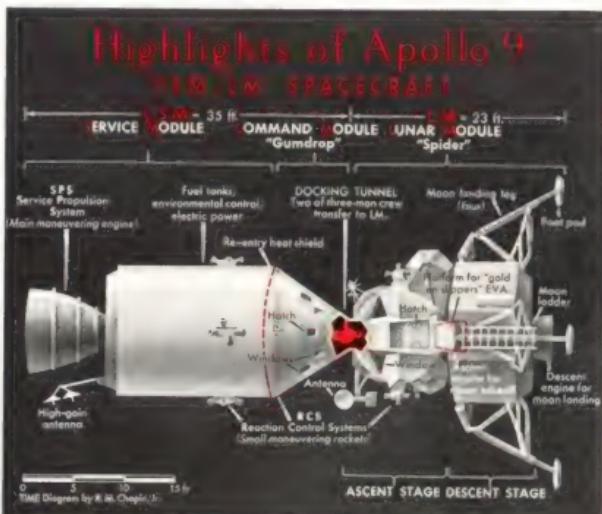


SCHWEICKART & McDIVITT IN LM
One spider that flies.

who had just been sworn in by President Nixon as NASA's new administrator. Paine agreed that the tape should be withheld, but the delay and confusion—and a tension-packed press conference later—created hard feelings among many space reporters, who suspected NASA of suppressing vital information.

Gymnastics and Banter. The dustup was short-lived. By next morning Schweickart was feeling so chipper that he and McDivitt decided on their own to proceed with most of the originally planned space walk. Ground controllers could only reply, "O.K., that's your judgment there and we say go ahead if you feel that way."

Schweickart floated feet first out of the hatch and anchored his feet on Spider's platform. While McDivitt shot movies of his exploit, he peered at the earth and described the magnificent view. Then, sustained only by the 80-lb. portable life-support system (PLSS)



strapped to his back (the same device that astronauts will wear on the lunar surface), the red-haired astronaut pulled his feet out of the glass fiber slippers that held him in place and began to move up Spider's handrail toward Gumdrop. He tried some space gymnastics, angling his body away from the spacecraft. All the while, he engaged in radio banter with McDivitt in Spider and Scott in Gumdrop, identifying himself by an apt code name: Red Rover.

During the 40-minute space walk, the astronauts were so preoccupied and talkative that they ignored repeated requests for contact from the ground communicator: "Red Rover, do you read? Gumdrop, do you read? Hey, does anyone up there read me?" Only on the tenth call, after Schweickart had re-entered Spider and secured the hatch, did the astronauts acknowledge the ground and confirm that all was well.

The successful space walk, the eighth for U.S. astronauts, proved the design of the vital PLSS and demonstrated that astronauts can use the exterior handrail to move between Spider and Gumdrop if the tunnel between the two craft should ever become blocked. Most uncertainties about the exercise vanished; it seemed astonishingly easy. Announced NASA Public Affairs Officer Jack Ruley, after Schweickart had closed the hatch: "You heard it here, live, firsthand—the adventures of Red Rover and his friends, Spider and Gumdrop."

"Mascon" Problems. Although the ten-day adventure will not really end until Gumdrop splashes down in the Pacific this week, the successful rendezvous and docking spawned speculation last week that the U.S. manned lunar landing might be advanced by about a month.

According to the current schedule, Apollo 10 will head for the moon on May 17, carrying an overweight (too heavy to make a lunar takeoff) Spider. While Gumdrop orbits the moon at a height of 70 miles, Spider will detach and fly two astronauts to within ten miles of the lunar surface. An actual landing, though, is scheduled only for Apollo 11's Spider in mid-July.

Some confident NASA officials have been urging that the Apollo 11 flight be moved up to June, the earliest it could be launched. More cautious types, principally at the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston, feel that Spider should be tested at least once more before a landing. They are also concerned about variations in the moon's gravitational field, which may be caused by dense concentrations of mass just below the lunar surface. Those "mascons" caused Apollo 8 to lag as much as three miles behind and 2,500 ft. above or below its earth-calculated position. To study them with proper care, the lunar orbital flight of Apollo 10 would have to be extended for a day to allow further mapping of the moon's gravitational field. If that were done, Apollo 11's Spider would have less chance of encountering navigational surprises that might endanger its July landing.

MOLECULAR BIOLOGY

Glimpse of the Helix

Using wire models, intuition, a limited knowledge of chemistry and trial-and-error methods, Researchers James Watson and Francis Crick determined that the heredity-transmitting DNA molecule is shaped like a spiral staircase. Although they had no way of taking a



DNA MOLECULE

Witchcraft on the staircase.

firsthand look at their discovery, they managed to deduce a detailed description of the now famous "double helix" that paved the way for the new science of molecular biology and won them the Nobel Prize. For all the work that has been done in the field since Watson and Crick made their pioneering studies in 1953, no one had been able to display any hard and fast visual evidence to confirm the spiral structure of DNA. Now that evidence is in. A young California scientist reported to a Los Angeles meeting of the Biophysical Society last month that he had succeeded in photographing a DNA molecule.

When he set out to take his DNA pictures, Caltech Graduate Student Jack Griffith, 26, was well aware that his task would be extremely difficult. The DNA molecules from the pea-plant chromosomes used in his research project were only one thirteen-millionth of an inch across and would be agonizingly difficult to distinguish even with the aid of the most powerful electron microscope. In addition, the molecules would be distorted or destroyed by the instrument's electron beam before they could be photographed. Then how could they be photographed at all?

After two years of failure, Griffith finally found an answer. Using a delicate technique that he describes as "more witchcraft than science," he began spraying his DNA samples with a thin coating of tungsten atoms. The tungsten film enhanced the outline of the complex molecule and was heavy enough to shield it from the electron beam. But it was not so thick as to obscure the molecular structure. The resulting pictures, which Biophysicist Griffith painstakingly developed himself to bring out maximum detail, show a blurred image that has been magnified 7,300,000 times. Fuzzy as they are, the pictures are clear enough to reveal two DNA strands that are coiled and intertwined in a double helix—just as Watson and Crick predicted nearly 16 years earlier.



BASEBALL

Mantle of Greatness

He looked like a refugee from a Ma and Pa Kettle movie. Sporting a straw hat, brown shoes, freckles, and a straw suitcase, he walked out of Commerce, Okla., and into the pin-striped uniform of the New York Yankees. Now, 18 seasons and 2,401 games later, Mickey Mantle put on a \$155 pair of black alligator shoes, slipped into a \$150 plaid sport jacket, and announced that he was retiring from baseball.

In a blunt, drawling litany, he recited his reasons for calling it quits: "I can't hit when I need to. I can't steal when I want to. I can't score from second when I have to. It was time to quit trying."

Instant Hero. The end was a long and painful time coming. The problems really began during his first year in the major leagues; while chasing a fly ball in the second game of the 1951 World Series, he slipped and tore the ligaments in his right knee. This was the first of a plague of injuries that slowly but decisively broke him down. But Mickey did not break easy. Bull-necked and broad-backed, he leaned his 195 lbs. into high, hard fastballs and hit drives that were things of wonder. At first, when he was a rookie training in Phoenix, Ariz., no one believed it. The thin atmosphere, they said, made the ball carry farther. Yankee Manager Casey Stengel had one look and roared: "Stratosphere my eye! This kid doesn't need help. He hits the ball over buildings."

Mantle could also bunt a team to death, because he was that rarest of all ballplayers, a switch-hitting slugger who could outstrip every big man in the league and most of the little men. That combination, plus his aw-shucks, farm-boy manner, made Mighty Mick an instant folk hero. In his first 14 seasons, he led the Yankees to a remarkable twelve pennant victories, won the Most Valuable Player award three times and the triple crown once, in 1956, when he batted .353, slammed 52 home runs and drove in 130 runs. His lifetime mark of 536 homers ranks only behind Babe Ruth's 714 and Willie Mays' 587.

Desire to Play. Great as it was, Mantle's achievement still causes some baseball men to ponder how much greater it might have been. "With good legs," says former Yankee Catcher Elston Howard, "he would have hit 70 home runs in a season." Adds Casey Stengel: "In the years to come, when they read about him in the record books, nobody will ever believe he was a cripple."

Mantle believed it. He underwent surgery five times to remove torn cartilage

from his knees and bone chips from his right shoulder. For eight seasons he had to bind each leg from ankle to thigh with 7-ft. strips of foam-rubber bandages "to hold things together." Even so, in his final years, he was reduced to hobbling around the field like a cart horse. And at the plate, each time he swung the bat he noticeably winced and grunted with pain.

In the end, though, it was pride and not pain that caused Mantle to quit. He was thinking about retiring last season but, shortly before spring training, while driving from downtown Dallas to his ranch home in the suburbs, he spied some kids playing ball. "I stopped and



MICKEY AT THE PLATE (1957)

Even the doctors couldn't believe it.

watched them for a few minutes," he recalls, "and suddenly this great desire to play came over me. I just had to go to Florida."

Mantle will go to Florida no more—at least not to play baseball. He plans to travel around the country tending to his string of Mickey Mantle's Country Cookin' restaurants. The desire to play will undoubtedly always be there but, as he said last week, "I no longer can deliver what the fans expect of me."

TRACK AND FIELD

Willie the Predictable

His full name and title is Willie D. Davenport, Olympic Champion Hurdler. The "D" doesn't stand for anything, he says, though sometimes he likes to tell his girl friends that it means "dangerous." On the track "D" is strictly for diligent, dependable and, at least to some fans, dull. Willie is just too pre-

dictable. At this year's Millrose Games in Madison Square Garden, for example, a group of spectators, wagering among themselves, stopped short when it came to the 60-yd. high hurdles. "Hey, you wanna bet on this event?" said one. "Are you kiddin'?" cried his companion. "Not with Davenport in there. He wins all the time."

Willie D., of Southern University in Baton Rouge, La., has simply reduced the feat of record breaking to routine. In one remarkable string of eight meets this season, he twice equaled the world indoor record for the 60-yd. hurdles and set new world marks at 45, 50, 70 and 120 yds.

Game of Catch Up. "The secret of my success," says Davenport, "is staying relaxed." What keeps him loosened up? "Pressure," he says paradoxically. "I thrive on pressure." He has had plenty. Hot on his heels this season have been Erv Hall and Leon Coleman, the second- and fourth-place finishers in the 1968 Olympics. In Philadelphia two weeks ago, Davenport was so relaxed that he seemed to have fallen asleep in the starting blocks. "I don't know what happened," he says, "but all of a sudden everybody was out there ahead of me. From then on it was a game of catch up." Catch up he did. Scissoring smoothly over the first hurdle, he eased past Coleman and then, with three more galloping strides, overtook Hall to win the National A.A.U. Indoor Championship and his 15th straight meet this year.

Now 25, Davenport is a relative latecomer to track. He did not begin running the hurdles in earnest until his senior year at Howland High School in Warren, Ohio. Then he joined the Army and kept jumping—out of airplanes for the 509th Airborne Regiment and over hurdles for a track club in Mainz, Germany, where he was stationed. While still in the service, he qualified for the 1964 U.S. Olympic team but failed to make the finals in Tokyo because of a pulled thigh muscle. Last year, he again made the Olympic team and again was troubled by injuries. It was apparently just the kind of pressure he needed. He relaxed his way into the finals and then tied an Olympic record for the 110-meter hurdles with a winning time of 13.3 seconds.

Longest Jump. After graduating in June, Davenport plans to make the longest jump of his career—into professional football. Though he played cornerback in college, he wants to perform as split end in the pros because "that's where the money is." The San Diego Chargers, who drafted the 6-ft. 1-in., 185-lb. speedster, may disagree, but Davenport figures he can adjust to offense. After all, he says, "Football players need speed, balance and coordination, and a hurdler has all of these." He might be right. Running Back Paul Robinson of the Cincinnati Bengals and Flanker Earl McCullouch of the Detroit Lions, the pro leagues' rookies of the year last season, are both reformed hurdlers.

The blood you give today could save your great-great grandson's life.

Science fiction? Not at all. For authorities believe that blood—or its red cells—can now be stored for a century or more and remain as good as the day when taken from a donor.

This revolutionary prospect comes from advances in the new science of extreme cold, called cryogenics, pioneered by Union Carbide.

Until recently, blood's red cells could be kept only 21 days under ordinary refrigeration. But when frozen instantly and refrigerated with the unearthly cold of liquid nitrogen (−320 degrees F.), red cells retain their life-saving properties

indefinitely.

This breakthrough makes possible the storage of vast supplies of blood so that even the rarest and most desperately needed types need never again be in short supply.

Union Carbide helped perfect the equipment and procedures for blood preservation by cryogenics. We've also developed many other uses for this new science. But none is more rewarding than keeping blood in readiness for today's needs. Or perhaps those of a century from now.



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Continental now offers a choice. After all, no two people see things exactly alike. No matter how discerning they are. On one hand: The new Continental Mark III, the most authoritatively styled, decisively individual motorcar of this generation.

On the other: Lincoln Continental, now more than ever America's most distinguished car.



lished car. It's America's most distinguished two cars.

If smoothness of ride is your criterion, both cars will distinguish themselves unmistakably.

Performance? Both cars are powered with the industry's most advanced 460 cubic inch V-8 in a great new, deep-breathing design.

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Nothing makes brunch take off like Smirnoff. Real Smirnoff. It's what revs up the Screwdrivers and gets your soufflé off the ground. And only a Smirnoff Bloody Mary can make Eggs Benedict sprout wings. Brunch without Smirnoff? A crashing bore.

Smirnoff *leaves you breathless.*
Vodka



EDUCATION

Can Hip Harvard Hold That Line?

After living together for 25 years, Harvard and Radcliffe have agreed to merge officially. No longer will Clifies merely attend Harvard classes, earn Harvard degrees and acquire Harvard husbands. Last week the Harvard Corporation began work on unification plans that by 1970 will enable Radcliffe women to live in the same houses with Harvard men, take all their meals in the same dining halls and be governed by the same administration.

However inevitable, the merger symbolizes a new Harvard that old grads would barely recognize. Almost every U.S. campus is changing drastically these days. As usual, though, Harvard seems to be outdoing the rest—or trying awfully hard. The nation's oldest university has gone hip, and no one is yet sure where the limits may lie. Junior Bob Nelson from Brooklyn barely exaggerates when he says: "Today the only thing you could possibly be booted for is something you'd get two years for in the outside world."

Grubby Guerrillas. In a recent bust, federal agents in Boston seized \$450,000 worth of marijuana bound for "the Cambridge market," a central distribution point for which is Harvard Square. Officially, the university frowns on drugs, occasionally will nail a student dealer and expel him. But Dean Fred Glimp views marijuana smoking calmly: "The ones who smoke pot now are the ones who ten years ago would go on benders on Saturday night." Asked what he would do if he heard a wild party going on at 3:30 in the morning and found a group of stoned students, an Adams House tutor undoubtedly spoke for a large segment of the younger teaching fellows: "Well, if I wanted to sleep, I'd ask them to cool it. If not, I'd join them."

The sidewalks of Harvard Square rival those of Berkeley's Telegraph Avenue as a parade ground for grubby guerrilla fashion styles. The whole scene is summed up by a sign in the Harvard Coop that sternly warns people not to go barefoot on the escalator (it can be a painful way to pare the toenails). For many undergraduates, alienation is more than a matter of drugs, dirty clothes and long hair. Rather than live within the gilded confines of Harvard's residential houses along the Charles River, a few hundred students have moved into nearby slum tenements like the one on University Road where Jane Britton, a 23-year-old graduate anthropology student at Harvard, was murdered in January. The embarrassed slum landlord turned out to be none other than Harvard itself, and the episode only further embittered some citizens of Cambridge who were already resentful of the university's increasingly inflationary impact on real estate values.

None of this is to suggest that Harvard's academic standards are suffering. Admission has never been harder; fewer than one in five applicants make it. The number of entering freshmen who score in the 90th percentile or better on the Scholastic Aptitude Test rises each year. With an unprecedented three out of four students planning on graduate work, even the gentleman's B is out. Some 70% of this year's senior class will graduate with honors.

Unnerving Self-Confidence. Harvard is less and less a place where the undergraduate explores generally, shunning commitment, reading broadly, fucking out, drinking beer and pondering the mysteries of the universe on long moonlit strolls along the Charles. Undergraduates are studying harder than ever; yet it is their estrangement from time-honored academic discipline that worries some teachers. Says John Womack, an assistant professor of history whose jeans and leather jacket are indistinguishable from those of his students and who himself graduated from Harvard in 1959: "Students just simply refuse to learn what they don't want to learn. They are less willing to do the necessary groundwork to form their opinions. They rely more upon insight and a sort of induction that I haven't figured out. In my day, the professor would beg the students, 'Don't just read the material; think about it.' Today the problem is almost the opposite."

Increasingly, students at Harvard are displaying an unnerving self-confidence in their own ability to do anything, an attitude that seems alien to the old academic virtue of modest contemplation

at the foot of the savants. Celebrated professors like John Kenneth Galbraith and George Wald no longer command the ardent reverence once enjoyed by Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Perry Miller and Crane Brinton, the superstars of the '50s. Explains Mike Tompkins, a junior from Paris who is both a Presidential and a National Merit Scholar: "There are many admirable men at Harvard and they are appreciated. But we have very few heroes these days."

The watchword is freedom. "Nobody gives a good goddamn what you read, think, eat, wear, smoke, drink or sleep with," says Erich Wise, a junior from Los Angeles, "just so long as you don't hurt anybody." Ten years ago, student liberals denounced the "final clubs," Harvard's version of fraternities, for excluding Jews, Negroes and political militants. Today the clubs are viewed with more tolerance, partly because they are no longer exclusive. Toby Champion, a junior on probation for participating in a recent anti-ROTC demonstration, is a member of Porcellian; Ernie Wilson, a black student leader from Washington, D.C., belongs to the Fly. "Nobody is interested in emphasizing the differences any more," says Rick Berne, a junior from Syracuse, N.Y., who plays tackle on the football team. "I mean you go have a smoke with some jock, or you date a black girl, or sit-in with a guy who was president of his class at St. Paul's, or get zonked with some guy in a band. So what? Everyone's the same."

Going Along. In one sense, Harvard is a very different place than it was even four years ago, but in another sense nothing has really changed. Harvard prizes academic freedom fiercely and it has long been a community in which reasoned dissent is tolerated easily. "The place has always been exciting," says Dean Glimp. "It's just ex-



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STUDENTS IN HARVARD SQUARE
Very few heroes these days.

citing now in different ways." College authorities seldom try to direct the mores of the students nowadays, but that is not so much a sign of new permissiveness as it is a continuation of the old policy of treating undergraduates as responsible adults capable of thinking for themselves. As a result, bitter confrontations have been few.

Astutely co-opting radical student demands, the Harvard faculty recently voted to take academic credit away from ROTC and to create an Afro-American studies program. Three courses that are essentially radical in viewpoint are now being taught with the approval of the faculty, some by section leaders who are self-styled Marxists.

Only when student demands become arbitrary and unreasoning does Harvard pass judgment and reiterate the fundamental principles of academic freedom. The recent uproar over Planning 11-3B, subtitled "An End to Urban Violence" and offered by Visiting Professor Siegfried M. Breuning of M.I.T., is a good example. Contending that the course was designed simply to improve skills in repressing riots rather than to ameliorate the conditions that cause them, 85 black Harvard and Radcliffe students packed the classroom the first day the course met this semester and demanded its cancellation before it had even begun. Clearly intimidated, Breuning offered then and there to restructure the course. The black students went away placated, but faculty members devoted to the ancient principle of free inquiry were scandalized.

Threats from Within. An *ad hoc* faculty committee promptly took a half-page ad in the *Crimson* to remind the administration that "any intrusion upon the classroom or any effort to coerce the instructor is an infringement upon the academic rights both of the teacher



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and of the students who wish to take the course." The list of 108 senior Harvard professors who signed the petition read like a *Who's Who* of Cambridge intelligentsia, embracing figures from the political right, left and center, and including Samuel Beer, Paul Buck, Oscar Handlin, George Kistiakowsky and Seymour Lipset.

President Pusey, hitherto deliberately distant from campus squabbles, heeded their call the very same day. "The irony and tragedy of the present," wrote Pusey in a statement emphatically endorsing the professors' stand, "is that now the threats to academic liberty and integrity often come from within." Declared Pusey: "Harvard has the right to expect that members of its faculties and the great majority of its students will have sufficient understanding, historical sense, reason and self-control to insist that coercive methods have no place in this university community." Harvard has been able to count on such understanding in the past. Whether it can continue to do so, at a time when some students are increasingly intoxicated with their own power, is an open question.

STUDENTS

California Backlash

For two years, the Mervin Field Poll has surveyed the California public's attitude toward the state's endless campus disorders. Last week Field had bad news for moderate reformers as well as radical activists. In returns that may have national meaning, Californians showed that they are not only sick of the chaos, but that more of them yearn for repressive measures. Items:

► 72% of Californians strongly favor expulsion for all students who "challenge and defy authorities," compared with 66% in 1967.

► 38% strongly oppose giving students more voice in deciding campus rules, up from 19% two years ago.

► 84% oppose the admission of "many more black students" if they do not meet regular entrance requirements.

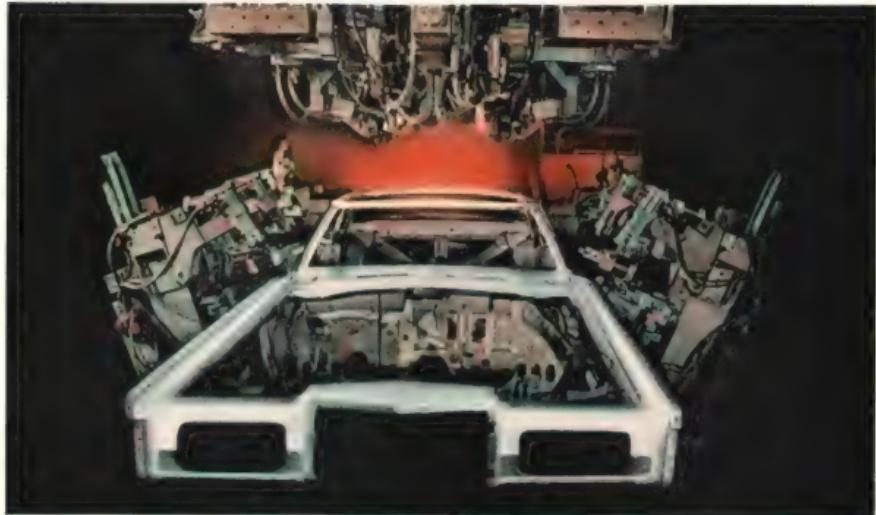
► 69% disagree with the widespread belief on campus that calling in the police radicalizes the moderate students and thus worsens disorders.

► Only 23% strongly agree that professors in state-supported institutions should have the freedom to speak and teach as they see fit, compared with 32% in 1967.

► Only 39% strongly agree that state campuses should be independent of political control, down from 53% two years ago.

While student popularity is down, says Pollster Field, Governor Ronald Reagan's rating has climbed. Last month 78% of Californians approved his performance, compared with a low of 66% last year. The biggest factor in Reagan's popularity, reports Field, is his "firm handling of college riots."

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RELIGION

JEWS

A Plea for Love Without Cause

Shortly before the six-day Arab-Israeli war in 1967, a well-meaning Christian friend asked Jewish Scholar Abraham J. Heschel why he was "so dreadfully upset." Heschel thought for a moment. Then he replied gently: "Imagine that in the entire world there remains one copy of the Bible, and suddenly I see a brutal hand seize this copy, the only one in the world, and prepare to cast it into the flames."

Both the question and the reply point up a central problem in the dialogue between Jews and the rest of the world: the meaning of Israel. To non-Jews, modern Israel is simply a nation with an unusual heritage of religious history. For most Jews, though, it is not only a historical homeland but part of an eternal theological reality, as Heschel argues in a new book called *Israel: An Echo of Eternity* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$5.50). Part poetry, part polemic, part plea, the book stems from his response to the 1967 war. Though one of Judaism's most admired religious thinkers—he is professor of ethics and mysticism at Manhattan's Jewish Theological Seminary—Heschel admits that the war profoundly changed his attitude toward Israel. "I had not known," he said, "how deeply Jewish I was."

People and Prophets. Heschel views the war as a "rendezvous with history" that illuminated not only his own life but the lives of Jews everywhere. Speculations on "why it is significant to be a Jew" were no longer necessary. "We felt all of Jewish history present in a moment. Suddenly, we sensed the link between the Jews of this generation and the people of the time of the proph-

ets." That "eternal link," Heschel argues, makes Israel unique. "It is the only state which bears the same name, speaks the same tongue, upholds the same faith, and inhabits the same land as it did 3,000 years ago."

Of course, Heschel notes, there were nearly 19 centuries between the modern state and the last one that could be called Jewish. But in all that time, he argues, "Palestine never became a national home for any other people, has never been regarded as a geopolitical entity, has never been an independent state. It was conquered and reconquered no less than 14 times." Throughout the centuries of the Diaspora, the Jews never abandoned hope of regaining their ancient land. At every Passover Seder, each Jewish family would ritually promise itself: "Next year, in Jerusalem."

Stream of Dreaming. Despite its secular government, says Heschel, Israel is the beginning of fulfillment for the Biblical prophecies, the necessary realization of the "stream of dreaming, the sacred river flowing in the Jewish souls of all ages." From its origins in Abraham, he declares, "Israel has had a divine promise," and "Israel's rebirth is a verification of the promise. We are God's stake in human history." The rebirth of Israel thus calls for "a renewal of trust in the Lord of history." To a cynical, disbelieving world, the Jews' own "return to the land" can revive hope for "the possibility of redemption for all men."

Why Israel? Why such transcendent importance for any "return to the land"? Simply because, says Heschel, the Jews, more than men of other faiths, see the material and spiritual as part of a single reality. It is the special gift of the Jews "to endow the material with the radiance of the spirit, to sanctify the common, to sense the marvelous in everydayness." Judaism conceives of redemption as "an ongoing, continuing process in which all have a role to play," in which "the heart of the relationship of God and man is interdependence." In Israel, a land both sacred and secular, the ability of man to contribute to that redemption can be tested. For the Jew, says Heschel, Israel is "an existential engagement, a matter of destiny." That destiny, that "irreducible commitment," is to become one day "a blessing to all nations."

Endowing a nation with spiritual dimensions is not new in history, nor is it without at least potential danger. American Indians, among others, know what it can mean when a country is convinced of its "Manifest Destiny." Although he does not admit the relevance of any such parallel, Heschel recognizes the temptations of a secular state, and concedes that "economic, political and spiritual development is still in a stage of beginning," that "not in one generation will the vision evolve." He remembers that "for nearly two thousand years we have not lifted a sword" and

suggests that beyond the absolute needs of self-defense, Israel must return to that tradition. "To care for our brother ardently, actively, is a way of worshiping God, a way of loving God."

Quite explicitly, Heschel insists that Israel must be more than usually benevolent for a secular nation, and should extend an open hand of friendship to its Arab neighbors. It must ensure "that justice prevails over power, that awareness of God penetrates human understanding." Where "hatred without cause" brought down the Second Temple, says Heschel, "love without cause will save Israel and all mankind." If those virtues prevail, he concludes, the six days of war may ultimately turn out to have been only a prelude to the seventh day—"which is peace and celebration."

THE VATICAN

The Pope's Powerful No. 2

When Pope Paul VI sits down at breakfast, the newspaper clippings and reports in front of him have been prepared and organized by Archbishop Giovanni Benelli. When there is a sudden crisis in the Roman Catholic Church, the man who rushes to the papal chambers with the message is Archbishop Benelli. When a cardinal prefect of a curial congregation wishes to see the Pope, his appointment is arranged—or postponed—by the same Benelli. And when President Richard Nixon heliported into St. Peter's Square two weeks ago, who was there to greet him officially but Giovanni Benelli.

At 47, Archbishop Benelli is easily the most visible personage in the Vatican today and, next to the Pope, the most powerful. Technically, he is only the Vatican's Deputy Secretary of State, but the force of circumstances and the good will of Pope Paul have thrust



HESCHEL

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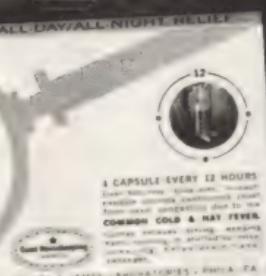
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him into such prominence that Benelli is, in effect, the Pope's Prime Minister. His role originated in Paul's sweeping reform of the Curia 18 months ago, when the Vatican Secretary of State was awarded, *ex officio*, special responsibilities in the Roman Curia, the church's administrative body. In theory, these duties were entrusted to Secretary of State Amleto Cardinal Cicognani, who at the age of 86 can only put in half a day's work. In practice, the job has fallen to Cicognani's *sostituto*, or deputy, Giovanni Benelli.

Man of Action. Benelli has been close to the present Pope since 1948, when Giovanni Battista Montini was serving as Deputy Secretary of State for Pius XII. Just five years after his ordination, Benelli was appointed to the Vatican diplomatic service as secretary to Montini, who quickly spotted him as a man of action and talent. Later Benelli served as a Vatican diplomat in Dublin, Paris, Rio de Janeiro, Madrid and Senegal. He was named to his present post in 1967.

Since then, Benelli has set about forming what Vatican observers are calling the "first real Montini government." Brisk and forceful, he has streamlined Curia procedures and organized his own corps of energetic subordinates. He works unusually long hours for Rome, and even lives next door to his office. He has, says one Vatican official, "acquired or deliberately taken into his own hands almost every decision made by the Secretariate these days." Understandably, Benelli is careful to couch many decisions in the voice of his boss. His suave letters will often read "The Holy Father thinks," or "According to the Pope."

Tuscan, and Ruthless. Because he insists that curial officials with greater seniority and prestige channel business through him, Benelli has already earned the nickname "the Berlin Wall." He has also, inevitably, bruised many clerical feelings. "Benelli is a Tuscan," said one Vatican critic. "He has inherited traditional Tuscan pigheadedness. He is ruthless." Not everyone is intimidated. Not knowing that the Pope had asked Archbishop Michael Gonzi of Malta, then 82, to stay on in office, Benelli sent word asking the prelate to vacate his see within two weeks. Gonzi stormed to Rome. "You've been a bishop two years," he said indignantly when Benelli finally received him. "I've been a bishop for 44 years, and you want to throw me out in two weeks!" Gonzi is still Archbishop of Malta.

Such rare setbacks do not slow Benelli's frenetic pace. Somehow he even finds time to promote a favorite cause: helping to wipe out illiteracy in underdeveloped nations by upgrading the educational programs of Catholic missions. Last week he flew off to the Ivory Coast to dedicate a new seminary in Abidjan. The trip was expected to take him to other African countries on still another act of service for Paul VI; exploring a possible papal visit to that continent later this year.

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THE THEATER

REPERTORY

Operation Rehash

Dissertation is not drama. Between hard covers it may pass as a Ph.D. thesis; on the open stage it is a cruel test of audience patience. In recent seasons, a firm of legalistic factmongers—Hochhuth, Weiss and Kipphardt—has invaded the theater. They shuttle between distortion and documentation, rehashing past history and seasoning it generously with the catchup of guilt. Each of these playwrights is a displaced pedant who pretends to be stretching the mind. In actuality, he is merely inviting the audience to have a good cry.

In Peter Weiss' *Marat/Sade*, the tearjerker was decorous and concerned the plight of social revolution. One was expected to sob a little more audibly at Rolf Hochhuth's *The Deputy*, since by the playwright's 15-watt intellectual lights, Pope Pius XII had it within his power to have prevented the murder of 6,000,000 Jews. Weiss rejoined the tear-huck-
et brigade with *The Investigation*, a static charade in which stand-up German tragedians testified that they were merely following orders in the massive extermination of the Jews.

Now with *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer*, Heinrich Kipphardt offers audiences at Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater the chance to weep over the renowned physicist who in 1954 was deprived of his security clearance. The three-man board representing the Atomic Energy Commission sits in courtroom-style judgment as the testimony unfolds like an interminable dream. Lawyers, friends, enemies discourse on Oppenheimer's Communist relations and friends, on his inspired leadership of the team of physicists who produced the atomic bomb, and on his reluctance to lend himself to the crash program for the hydrogen bomb.

The play is as inert as a stone, and Joseph Wiseman as Oppenheimer is mannered, overly European and brittle. One sees in him neither the passion for pure science nor the intellectual arrogance that one feels were intrinsic characteristics of Oppenheimer. The play, if it is to qualify as drama, ought to tingle with the anguish of a man torn between his country and his conscience. Instead, it is mired over with sadness—as of a man or woman deeply drawn to two equal loves, who must, in the nature of things, lose one.

The Zombie Hamlet

The question has often been asked: "What is *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark?" The answer may be found on the stage of Broadway's Lyceum Theater in Ellis Rabb's APA revival. Rabb is the definitive zombie Hamlet, a puppet rather than a mettlesome prince—passionless, prideless and bloodless. So

KILL PIERCE



RABB IN "HAMLET"

The very first gravedigger.

supine is this Hamlet that he lies on the floor of the stage literally for minutes on end, making one wonder if he is in the royal castle at Elsinore or in an opium den.

Everything about the production is peculiarly wrong. The costuming, for example. Here are courtiers with crushed-velvet and tapestried robes draped over business suits, rather like Supreme Court Justices on a Broadway sabbatical. Hamlet, on the other hand, affects a black leather jacket. He appears to be missing his motorcycle rather than his plundered crown. The ghost of Hamlet's father seems to have raided a bird sanctuary for his outfit: he looks like a huge quivering snowy owl.

Apart from physical incongruities, the sense and tempo of the play have been mangled both by Rabb's cuts and his use of the corrupt First Quarto. The famous scenes pop to the surface of the play like corks rather than exploding in emotional depth, and Hamlet's upbraiding of Queen Gertrude sounds like a whiny wrangle instead of an anguished son's sexually charged confrontation with his mother.

The soliloquies are delivered as if Hamlet were in desperate need of geriatric drugs. Rabb is too monotonous for eloquence and too weary for anger. The rest of the cast is almost uniformly inept. Horatio is played like a lost Boy Scout, Gertrude as a matronly simp and Ophelia as an epileptic. Only Richard Easton's Claudius has the dignity of a solid stage presence, and Philip Minor's First Gravedigger has wry antic authority. In view of his acting and directing, perhaps Ellis Rabb should really be listed as the First Gravedigger.

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MEDICINE

THANATOLOGY

What to Tell a Child?

The acute leukemia that attacks children is an especially cruel disease, not only because of the helplessness of its victims but because of the problems that it creates for parents, brothers and sisters. Until the 1950s, the average survival time for a child, after the diagnosis of acute leukemia, was well under a year. Now, with half-a-dozen palliative but no curative drugs available, the average survival time is about five years in major medical centers, and a handful of patients have held on for ten years or longer. The harsh fact remains, however, that a diagnosis of leukemia—cancer of the blood—is still an almost certain sentence of death, no matter how long deferred.

At the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco, four pediatric hematologists recently got together with a psychiatrist and a social worker to find out just what is the emotional effect of a child's leukemia on the parents, on siblings and on the victim himself. More important, the researchers wanted to find out what could be done to reduce the impact. That something needed to be done was obvious from the fact that in at least one half of the 20 families studied, some relative had required psychiatric care.

Shielding Parents. The very first question, says Psychiatrist Charles M. Binger, reporting for the group, was how soon the parents learned of the child's disease. In eight of the families studied, parents had suspected leukemia before any doctor ever mentioned it. The parents' first reactions ranged from outward calm to outright loss of control. Most suffered physical distress within the next few days or weeks, besides depression, anger, hostility and self-blame.

More remarkable was the insight of the child victims themselves. Most of those more than four years old, although not told directly of the diagnosis, "presented evidence to their parents that they were aware of the seriousness of their disease and even anticipated their premature death." The parents of 14 children tried to shield them from the diagnosis, yet eleven of these children indicated their sense of impending death. Only two teen-agers were told that they had leukemia and that there was no known cure for it. As a result of frank discussions, both their families reported "a more meaningful relationship with their child."

Just as parents tried to protect children from their illness, so the older leukemic children tried to protect their parents. "The children who were perhaps the loneliest of all," say the investigators,

"were those who were aware of their diagnosis but at the same time recognized that their parents did not wish them to know. No one was left to whom the child could openly express his feelings of sadness, fear or anxiety."

Honest Reassurance. Siblings suffered too. Some felt guilty and feared that they too might suffer a fatal illness. Several complained of the parents' preoccupation with the sick child and felt rejected. A number developed severe bed-wetting, headaches, poor school performance, depression and persistent abdominal pains. Nor were grand-

now the deadliest disease among children aged four to 14, claiming 1,400 victims a year. It is the third leading cause of death in this age group, after accidents, and almost equal to all other cancers combined.

CARDIOLOGY

Yemenites' Exodus

Heart-disease researchers in most Western countries would love to have plunked down in their midst a large number of people who have not been previously exposed to the rich and fatty diets characteristic of most developed nations. Investigators in Israel received just such a bonanza 20 years ago, when 48,000

Jews immigrated from Yemen, where they had been isolated for 2,500 years. They gave Viennaborn Dr. Daniel Brunner of Tel Aviv University what he considered a heaven-sent opportunity to compare the effects of different diets and ways of life on the heart and arteries. In New Orleans last week, Brunner told the American Heart Association that as the Yemenite immigrants catch up with earlier Israel settlers in their standard of living, they also begin to catch up in their risk of heart-artery disease.

Brunner and his colleagues had two major groups of Yemenites for comparison. One group, which Brunner calls the veterans, was drawn from the 16,000 Yemenite Jews who had immigrated into Israel before World War II. Some of their children born in Israel were included in his study—making another subgroup of veterans, since they adhere to most Yemenite Jewish traditions. The newcomers

are the second major group. Even the immigrant veterans are heavier, regardless of height, than the newcomers, averaging 154 lbs. as against 136 lbs. But with increased plumpness come higher blood cholesterol levels, which are slightly but consistently elevated in the veterans as compared with the newcomers. Obesity and high cholesterol counts, Brunner notes, are not signs of overt heart disease, though they are regarded as its precursors.

In fact, there have been so few cases of actual heart disease among either veteran or newcomer Yemenites that Brunner's group could get no significant statistics from them. The best they could do was to lump all Yemenite Jews together and compare them with the rest of the Israeli population. This comprises about 50% Ashkenazim, Jews from northern and western Europe (and their descendants), who have been reared for generations on a diet as rich as only a Jewish mother can make it. Then the electrocardiograms told the story: among Israeli men in general, aged 40 to 64, no fewer than 10% had abnormal tracings indicative of heart disease, as against only 2% of the Yemenite men.



YEMENITE PATIENTS IN ISRAEL
Mother may not be good for you.

parents immune. Grief reactions and ignorance made some of them incapable of helping the sick child's parents. No fewer than ten families declared that one or both sets of grandparents had been more hindrance than help.

Presumably no one would baldly tell a child that he was suffering from an illness that was almost certain to prove fatal. Yet, say the San Francisco researchers: "It is a grave error to think that a child over four or five years of age who is dying of a terminal illness does not realize its seriousness. We have seen the pathetic consequence of the loneliness of a fatally ill child who has no one with whom he may talk over his concerns because his parents are trying to shield him. The question is not whether to talk about the diagnosis and prognosis, but rather how to let the child know that his concerns are shared and understood." It is important, say Binger and his colleagues, for the child to feel confident that he will not be deserted physically or emotionally and that he will not be told lies.

The Binger study has a direct relevance for an unfortunately large number of American families. Leukemia is

MUSIC

Opera's Tightrope Walker

In a moment of wrath, Hamburg State Opera Impresario Rolf Liebermann once exclaimed: "It's the directors who run everything. It's never the composer, conductor or singers. The directors are just so many dilettanti who don't know their job. Their only concern is their own vanity."

True of some, but not of Nathaniel Merrill, the resident stage director of the Metropolitan Opera, whose eleven productions are among the best that the company has ever mounted. The youngest (40) and first American-born director ever to hold that post, Merrill is almost devoid of flamboyance or gimmickry. Unlike such glamorous directors as Franco Zeffirelli and Luciano Visconti, whose personal styles sometimes interfere with musical values, Merrill subordinates himself to the score. Like a musical detective, he searches it and the libretto for clues that will evoke a fresh visualization onstage.

Psychological Drama. Last week the Met gave its first performance of Merrill's new production of *Il Trovatore*. Although critics have traditionally complained about the absurdity of the libretto, Merrill contends that *Trovatore* is "a psychological drama that must be seen from the viewpoint of Azucena, a demented woman whose entire life is focused on avenging her mother's death." Merrill therefore has placed his singers against scenery—designed by Attilio Colombero—that he describes as "consciously bizarre and unreal, to set off the singers as real people."

Moorish-Byzantine architecture is overlaid with stalactite-jagged pieces of stone that evoke a heavy grotto-like or grim moonscape atmosphere and achieve a feeling of gloom and doom. Although there were some boos for the scenery on opening night, it did suggest a kind of nightmarish psychological symbolism.

NATHANIEL MERRILL

and to some critics it made the torment of the characters seem much more life-like.

Musically, the production, which was conducted by Zubin Mehta, was a stunning triumph. Grace Bumbry as Azucena brought to the part a strong mellow voice and some of the best acting ever seen at the Met. Leontyne Price as Leonora, Sherrill Milnes as the count, and Plácido Domingo as the count's brother all shone musically as they were fatally drawn into the vengeful scheming of Azucena and the doom-filled mood of Merrill's production.

Aromatic Inhalation. There is no such thing as a distinctive Merrill style. His recent production of *Der Rosenkavalier* was presented realistically, with sets, costumes and actions designed so that the audience could "feel a good aromatic inhalation of Vienna" at the time of Empress Maria Theresa. Merrill's *Turandot* was stylized in the sparse formal motions of the ice-cold princess and her hapless suitors. Against these semi-tableaux, there was a flurry of action provided by the counterpoint clowning of Ping, Pang and Pong. One of Merrill's finest productions, Strauss' *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, was mounted as a fantasy; it captured the magic of the evil nurse, the semi-spirit world of the empress and the human world of the dyer.

Merrill adapts his style not only to the individual opera but also to the performers he must work with. In designing a work, he takes into account the fact that opera singers are basically not actors, and that they all have different strengths, preferences and even eccentricities. Merrill says that Tenor James McCracken, for example, can sing leaning back practically upside down, but Jess Thomas does not feel he can hit a high B-flat unless his legs are under him. Merrill believes that

"the musical element should rule the visual aspect of any production."

Under Fat Sopranos. Despite his flair for stagecraft, Merrill admits that his first love is the music itself. He studied piano, clarinet and cello, and majored in composition at Dartmouth College. After earning a master's degree in musicology from Boston College, he signed up as a stagehand with the touring Metropolitan Opera from 1949 to 1952. Later, as a directorial student at the Hamburg State Opera, and then at the Hessische Staatstheater in Wiesbaden, Merrill learned "how to put blankets and pillows under fat sopranos without insulting them." He learned so well, in fact, that Met General Manager Rudolf Bing asked him to mount a new *L'Elisir d'Amore* in 1960 after seeing his *Don Giovanni* at the Washington Opera Society. Now nearly a third of the Met's active repertory are Merrill productions, in which he claims to be "walking a tightrope over conductors, singers, designers, technical crew and management."

Animals Onstage. Like many of the opera stars he directs, Merrill has his share of quirks. He sometimes wears a maroon turtleneck to rehearsals for good luck, and never cuts his hair during a production in order to fend off disaster. He is a compulsive list keeper, and keeps elaborate track of props. Recalling one such list, he remarks, "One round silver tray with practical pastry, one practical live horse, one live dog on leash—I love animals onstage; they're more predictable than humans."

Merrill spends endless hours in his Manhattan apartment playing with toy soldiers on a table in an effort to solve production problems. Currently, he is using the soldiers to plan the revolution scene for next year's staging of *Boris Godunov*. Although he has not yet worked out the details, the production is likely to be both realistic and larger than life, in keeping with the mood of an opera that is both a spectacle of barbaric splendor and an epic of a nation's struggle against oppression.

SCOTT KURTZ

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ART

COLLECTORS

A Treasure from the Orient

Nasli Heeramanneck migrated to the U.S. from India in 1927 with two main possessions: \$75 in cash and a trunkful of *objets d'art* and Oriental miniatures. The son of a Bombay art dealer and a descendant of a long line of Parsis (a sect that left Persia in about the 8th century and settled in India), Heeramanneck quickly found a ready market in America. From that day forward, his policy became, as his wife Alice puts it, to "buy five, sell four and keep the best for himself."

Heeramanneck's eye for quality, however, was so sharp that even his "second bests" were good enough to ensure him a blue-chip roster of clients, including some of the top U.S. museums. In the process, he built up his own private collections—not only from his native subcontinent, but also of pre-Columbian and Persian art. When a choice selection from Heeramanneck's Indian collection toured four U.S. museums two years ago, curators eyed them avidly and wondered which lucky museum would acquire the lot.

His collection included an almost unparalleled variety of stone religious statuettes, ranging from a voluptuous pair of seminude 1st century dryads to a masterly 5th century lion's head from Mathurā. There were ferocious bronze twelve-armed Kashmirian deities, smiling eastern Indian Krishnas and serene Nepalese Buddhas, to say nothing of inlaid daggers and textiles woven with iridescent beetle wings. Yet to many scholars, the most delightful items were the exquisite 16th-to-19th century manuscript paintings from the Rajput and Mogul civilizations of western and central India. These, in more than 70 sprightly miniatures, detailed stories of the gods as well as princely revels and the courtly chase.

Last week the Los Angeles County Museum of Art jubilantly announced that it had acquired from Heeramanneck, now 67, the bulk of his Indian collection—345 items—for \$2,500,000, after Heeramanneck's negotiations with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts fell through. With one single purchase, Los Angeles has thus acquired an Indian collection that ranks alongside those of Boston, the Cleveland Museum of Art and Kansas City's Nelson-Atkins Gallery. The museum plans to capitalize on its new trove by building up its Oriental library, and to further attract scholars to the area by cooperating in programs with nearby U.C.L.A., which already has a strong Asian-studies department.

Los Angeles has long suffered from the gibe that it was a museum in search of a major collection. Now it has one. Says Director Kenneth Donahue: "This is the most important purchase the museum has made since it opened in 1910."



2ND CENTURY SCULPTURE



NASLI & ALICE HEERAMANECK

16TH CENTURY MANUSCRIPT
Buy five, sell four, keep the best.

PAINTING

Love Letters in Pictures

Some love affairs, like stately quinqueremes, sail serenely on for decades. Others founder in tempests of selfishness, or rocks of jealousy. In her 1958 memoirs, Vienna's Alma Schindler Mahler Gropius Werfel recalled her three-year affair with Painter Oskar Kokoschka as "one fierce battle of love. Never before had I tasted so much tension, so much hell, so much paradise." Never afterward, she might have added, did she inspire so many fascinating and often memorable works of art.

Among them were seven intricately painted swan-skin fans that Kokoschka decorated for her between 1912 and 1914, partly as gifts and partly because he had chosen the illumination of fans as a special project for Vienna's famous arts and crafts school, the Wiener Werkstätte, where he worked as an apprentice and later as a teacher. Although one was destroyed, the remaining six were acquired by Hamburg's Museum of Arts and Crafts in West Germany. Their jaded elegance evokes the Vienna of the Habsburgs, Freud and Franz Lehár, though they would have rocked the city at the time.

Handsome but Coarse. Oskar Kokoschka then was a young, lean, intense nobody. He was one of the radical group of "Expressionists" who sought, with staccato rhythms and garish colors, to "express" on their canvases tormented moods and fantasies rather than to portray fashionable, naturalistic everyday scenes. "Crazy Kokoschka," his critics called him. Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who was later to die at Sarajevo, grumbled that "this fellow's bones ought to be broken."

Fortunately, Alma's stepfather, a Viennese landscape artist named Carl Moll, was more perceptive. He brought Kokoschka home to paint—and cheer up—his beautiful stepdaughter, recently bereaved of her first husband, the Composer Gustav Mahler. Alma's verdict: "A handsome figure, but disturbingly coarse." After the first sketching session, Kokoschka stood up, embraced her and then dashed out of the room. A few hours later, she received the first of many proposals from him.

The Lady and the Dragon. Alma was willing to dally but not to marry. Together the lovers voyaged to Italy; together they braved the snake-like tongues of the gossips in Vienna. Kokoschka decorated the wall over the fireplace of Alma's country house in the Austrian Alps with a mural showing Alma rising from the flames. "I consider I worked very well during that time," the artist recalled last week at Ville-neuve in Switzerland, where at 83 he now lives and paints.

Kokoschka's best work from that period is *Tempest*, an oil that depicts the

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA'S MINOR MASTERWORKS: SIX FANS OF PASSION



To celebrate his romance with Alma Mahler, Vienna's Oskar Kokoschka decorated six swan-skin fans with delicate paintings. The fans, completed between 1912 and 1914, rank among Expressionism's minor masterworks. One scene from the first fan (at left) shows an idyllic vision of the artist as a boy and Alma as a girl, floating in boats on a sea of fish and lobsters. The second (in the detail shown above) depicts the pair surrounded by foxes and snakes, symbolizing Vienna's gossip. The third (reproduced in full below) portrays incidents from a journey they took to Italy. On the left, the pair are shown leaving in a horse-drawn carriage; in the center, they embrace in the shadow of Vesuvius; on the right is a performance at Naples' Teatro di San Carlo.



In the fourth fan (above), Kokoschka portrayed his mistress, in the panel on the left, as a star-lit angel with the sleeping artist at her feet. The central panel shows her in the midst of a dark forest, where she is seen struggling with a nameless man and being swallowed by a crocodile. These, as well as the robbers and the dragon to the right, reflect antagonistic Vienna. At the far right, she is seen in her bedroom with Kokoschka.

In a fifth fan (a portion of which is shown below), Kokoschka reproduced a section of a fresco that he once painted over Alma's fireplace. It shows the artist as a heroic St. George, fighting an apocalyptic dragon with three heads. In the center, Alma rises on a pillar of fire. The original fresco was conceived by Kokoschka as a continuation of the play of flames in the fireplace.



lovers swept up in a swirling sea of waves. "It is my most beautiful portrait," Alma wrote, noting that it showed her "trustfully clinging to him, expecting all help from him who, despotic of face, radiating energy, calms the mountainous waves." The theme of *Tempest* is repeated in miniature form—as the entwined lovers on the Bay of Naples—on one of the seven swan-skin fans. On another, Kokoschka inscribed the Alma of the Alpine mural, adding himself as St. George fighting the dragon. Today Kokoschka refers to the fans as "love letters in pictures."

Actually, Alma appears to have been no helpless, trusting flower but a full-blooded coquette who ultimately found Oskar too demanding. When Kokoschka marched off to war in 1914, even he



ALMA (ca. 1910)

Willing to dally, not marry.

felt a certain sense of relief. ("It was very exhausting," he was later heard to say, "I had to climb into her room at night.") By the time he came back, Alma had become the wife of Walter Gropius, the German architect, whom she subsequently divorced in order to live with and eventually marry Franz Werfel, the novelist.

For Oskar, the memory lingered on. Four years after their separation, Alma heard that he had acquired a life-size doll that was painted to look like her. She reported: "The doll always lay on the sofa. For days on end Kokoschka would lock himself in and talk to no one but the doll. At last, he had me where he wanted me: helpless in his hand, a docile, mechanical tool." But she too remembered, and kept the fans always with her as affectionate mementos until her death in Manhattan in 1964 at the age of 85.

And the lost seventh fan? One day, in a fit of jealous rage, Gropius threw it into the fireplace.

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BEHAVIOR



RETARDED CHILDREN AT PLAY IN GEEL

After a while it becomes an act of humanity.



MATHEUSSEN

MENTAL ILLNESS

A Town for Outpatients

On the surface, Geel looks like any other country town in northern Belgium. Its cobbled marketplace is surrounded by 15th century homes and shops; its near brick farmhouses look much the same as they did in Brueghel's day. What makes Geel different is the fact that 1,800 of its 30,000 inhabitants are mental patients—and that most of them are not confined to an asylum but cared for by normal families in the town. While this kind of outpatient care is still relatively new to psychiatry, the good people of Geel have been sheltering the sick in their homes for more than 500 years.

In Geel, one in seven families is responsible for the care of one or two mental patients, and about 85% of the families who take in *malades* can truthfully say that their parents and grandparents did the same. "Here no one is afraid of mental patients," says Psychiatrist Herman Matheussen, 38, director of the program. When a schizophrenic plowing a field suddenly stops and begins gesticulating in a hallucinatory argument with an imaginary persecutor, his foster father may say calmly, "Joseph, why don't you finish that furrow?"

Beheaded Virgin. Geel's enlightened approach to mental care is the product of a 1,300-year-old religious legend. According to the story, an Irish Christian princess named Dympna fled from her widowed pagan father when he ordered her to marry him. He pursued her across the sea to Geel, where, insane with incestuous lust, he beheaded her. He instantly recovered his sanity, thereby establishing Dympna's reputation as a virgin martyr with powers to cure the

mad. The date of her canonization is uncertain, but in the 13th century a chapel in Geel was named for her. Mentally afflicted pilgrims to the chapel soon overflowed the small lodge built to house them, and the Geeloise peasants, cannily combining religious devotion with thrift, began to take the pilgrims as boarders.

Those who were not cured often stayed on. They were treated as human beings by their foster families at a time when the mentally ill almost everywhere else were banished from society to asylums of appalling squalor and cruelty. Originally, Geel's boarding system for the mentally ill was supervised by officials of the Roman Catholic Church; since 1860, the Belgian government has had the responsibility of screening the patients and administering the program.

Carefully Screened. Mental hospitals and clinics from all over Europe refer patients to Geel. Two general practitioners and four psychiatrists observe new arrivals for two to three weeks in a small hospital; about half the applicants are rejected. Those who remain—some 50 a year—are the ones found suitable to Geel's way of life, mostly non-violent psychotics and people with sub-normal intelligence. The carefully screened families who take them in receive a practical compensation: extra hands for simple work, plus stipends of 80¢ to \$2 per day. "The first time they take a patient they are doing it for economic reasons," says Matheussen, "but after five or six years, it becomes an act of humanity."

A doctor visits each patient monthly, a nurse every other week. Though the program is geared to the long-term patient, about half of the patients newly placed in foster homes are able to go

home after about 16 months. Those who remain in Geel, some for as long as 50 years, may make little if any progress, but at least they are exposed to normal human conversation and society and have the simple dignity of honest work. Patients are treated like members of their foster families, eating with them, sleeping in their own rooms, helping with household and farm chores (or working outside the house in bakeries, dairies or shops), sharing in the upbringing of the children or going out to movies and clubhouses. Families learn to tolerate a certain amount of odd behavior, and Geel has been remarkably free of mishaps. Thanks in part to the use of modern tranquilizers, there has been no serious outbreak of violence by a patient for at least 15 years.

Gentle Rhythm. Patience, understanding and the gentle rhythm of life have been almost the only real treatment at Geel. Now Matheussen is planning to set up several neighborhood treatment centers where patients will meet regularly for group therapy, schooling and vocational training. This additional therapy may be crucial to Geel's survival because modern life is at last changing the town's stable, close-knit medieval patterns. Factory jobs are replacing the farm work that is suitable for many patients. Trucks and cars thunder through the square, their drivers not accustomed to watching for dazed people who forget to look both ways at corners.

The use of these intensive-treatment neighborhood centers may mean that more patients will recover, so that families will be required to surrender their charges. That will present Matheussen with a special problem of diplomacy, since many do not want to let their "boarders go. "Families adjust," he sighs. "They get attached to their patients."

LANGUAGE

The Wild Flowers of Thought

"Too many cooks spoil the broth"—so goes a proverb that is as familiar to most Americans as its meaning. The Iranians expressed the same thought with different words: "Two midwives will deliver a baby with a crooked head." So do the Italians: "With so many roosters crowing, the sun never comes up." The Russians: "With seven nurses, the child goes blind." And the Japanese: "Too many boatmen run the boat up to the top of the mountain."

These lean, didactic, aphoristic statements, so varied in their language, seem to distill a universal wisdom. In the Samoan fishing culture, which is dependent on the canoe, islanders would have no difficulty in recognizing the kinship of the English proverb, "It never rains but it pours," to one of their own: "It leaks at the gunwale, it leaks in the keel." From the Biblical injunction, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," it is only a short and negotiable step to an old saying of the Nandi tribe in

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East Africa: "A goat's hide buys a goat's hide and a gourd a gourd."

Hidden Code. Can it be that the proverb—literally, "before the word"—provides a clue to the common denominator of all human thought? This possibility has been raised by George B. Milner, 50, a linguist at the University of London's School of Oriental and African Studies. Many anthropologists and linguists have long suspected that the human mind obeys a hidden code—just as the computer follows instructions programmed into it before it begins to "think." In an article for Britain's *New Society* magazine, Milner contends that the proverb may stand breathtakingly near to the source of that code.

Milner's interest in the proverb began in 1955, when he flew to the South Pacific to compile the first Samoan dictionary since 1862. There he found a rigidly stratified culture that relied on the proverb as a guide through the thicket of social life. The Samoans had proverbs for every human exchange, says Milner: "To pay respect, to express pleasure, sympathy, regret, to make people laugh, to blame or criticize, to apologize, to insult, thank, cajole, ask a favor, say farewell." Intrigued, he collected thousands of these pithy sayings.

Back in England, Milner compared his Samoan stock with the proverbs current in Europe, and was struck by the many similarities in structure, rhythm and content. It was almost as if the proverb shared a common source. Since this was culturally impossible, Milner considered another potential origin: the universality of human thought.

Regardless of their genesis, Milner argues, the best proverbs easily transcend ethnic and geographical barriers. They deal in the fundamental stuff of life: love and war, birth and death, sickness and health, work and play. Like the human mind itself, they seek the core meaning of things and the satisfying symmetry of antithesis. They touch the taproots of the mind without requiring the service of the intellect.

Precursor Sage. Many words in a given language can be traced to their root origins by a skilled lexicographer. The ancestry of proverbs can rarely be determined with scientific accuracy. Aeschylus was as familiar as Solomon with the proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," but no one can say to what precursor sage both men owed the saying. It remains a mystery, moreover, why some civilizations are rich in proverbs and others are not. Why did the Incas, the Mayans and nearly all the Indian tribes of North America produce such a meager crop of proverbs, when the Spaniards, the Samoans, the Arabs and the Chinese were minting them by the thousands?

The answers must await further exploration of that greatest mystery of all: the processes of the mind. Milner's contention is that the proverb, the wild flower of human wisdom, may now help to direct the search into the deep.



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these native tastes into the champagnes we want to produce. It's as natural as the time we take to do it.

Even some Europeans seem to agree. Last summer, another man cradled a bottle of Great Western champagne in his arms, took off from our hill in a small private plane, changed to a jet in New York, flew over Montauk and landed in Brussels. They had gone to a world competition for champagne and wines. They came back with our twelfth international medal.

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was "extremely smooth and steady."

Deliveries to airlines start late this year. Then you will be able to step into The Spacious Age—and make an historic flight of your own.

THE LAW

THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT

A Mandate for Clock Watching

Even his friends know Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst as a very tough guy. As a campaign organizer for both Barry Goldwater in 1964 and Richard Nixon last year, Kleindienst bruised the feelings of a good many Republican leaders. Supporting the appointment of his fellow Arizonan before a Senate committee in January, Senator Goldwater observed that "he has a quality that is badly needed in this country: toughness."

Including the Washroom. Kleindienst lived up to his reputation last week with a memorandum that he circulated to each of the Justice Department's 1,050 Washington lawyers. As part of an efficiency experiment, Kleindienst ordered all staff attorneys to submit detailed daily reports of their working day. Starting this week, the lawyers will record their activities on time sheets. At the end of each day, the data must be transferred to a second form on which will appear the total amount of time spent on every activity, whether it be visits to the washroom or a plea before the Supreme Court—all organized for computer programming.

Kleindienst's memo indicated that the main purpose of the exercise is to impress Congressmen, who each year are skeptical when the department tries to prove that it needs money to hire more lawyers. "The long-term effect, if time is accurately recorded," said Kleindienst, "will be a relief of individual pressure through provision of adequate personnel and resources to handle our work."

On Capitol Hill, North Carolina's Democratic Senator Sam Ervin denounced the experiment as "nitpicking of the nittiest kind." Nathan Walkomir, president of the National Federation of Federal Employees, called the plan "a classic example of bureaucratic stupidity and arrogance." One Justice Department lawyer found the study "an insult to our integrity." Said he: "The long-term effect will be to drive us right out of the department."

Other lawyers boggled at the complicated—and time-consuming—procedures outlined in ten pages of instructions. Someone in the department calculated that if the study were to last a year, it would cost Justice 66,000 man-hours, or \$534,000. CBS Commentator Eric Sevareid was amused by a time-sheet category called "*de minimis* time," which is supposed to include all minor interruptions. "Computers read Latin already," quipped Sevareid, who described Kleindienst as "a new Lochinvar" riding a computer instead of a white horse and trying to rescue the Government from inefficiency—a goal that has eluded many others in the past.

At week's end, in a series of nine brief-



MITCHELL (RIGHT) AT WORK
With a forked tongue?

ings, Justice Department bosses reassured the staff that the procedures are not designed to increase their work or to catch loafers. They also pointed out that many law firms require their attorneys to keep similar records for the purpose of billing their clients. "Please don't get scared of numbers," said Herman Levy, of the department's management office, who informed the lawyers that only reasonable accuracy was expected of them. Cynics observed that the briefings themselves cost the Government more than 500 man-hours of working time.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Revolt on the Reservation

The treaty they signed with the white man's government in 1868 promised the Navajos sovereignty within their reservation for as long as the grass shall grow and the rivers run. Since then, 100 years have swept across the parched Arizona buttes. Now the grass grows sparsely, and water must be hauled from distant wells. As the Navajo population expands, opportunities shrink. Young men go away. Elders lose esteem. Bypassed by white progress, the Navajos clutch the tatters of their treaty promises and watch the old ways die.

Indian Siege. When the Great White Father, in the guise of the Office of Economic Opportunity, opened a legal-services office on the reservation two years ago, the OEO lawyers handled such minor matters as land titles and grazing rights. But soon the lawyers were besieged by Indians seeking a full range of legal advice. When that advice was given, it was other Indians who ob-

jected. To the tribal council, the Navajos' traditional rulers, the lawyers with their angry Indian clients were a forked-tongued threat.

Risking the wrath of the elders, the lawyers expanded their activities whenever they were able to. How could Navajos get a square deal in tribal courts, they asked, when tradition banned lawyers? The war dance really began when the lawyers helped organize a recall election to oust a reservation community's school board.

At a tribal advisory council meeting, 58-year-old Annie Wauneka, the council's first squaw, rose to ask if the 1968 Civil Rights Act forbade the tribe to banish unwanted whites from the reservation. When he heard her question, local OEO Chief Ted Mitchell, 32, laughed sardonically. To Mrs. Wauneka, Mitchell's laugh was an insult. The next time she saw him, she snapped: "You ready to laugh some more?" Then she smacked the Harvard Law School graduate several times across the face. The following day, two Navajo policemen, acting on council orders, packed Mitchell into his pickup truck and hustled him off the reservation.

On to Court. While younger Navajos staged a revolt, picketing the council and poking fun at Annie Wauneka, Mitchell's office backed up its embattled attorney and went to court to fight the ouster order. Ten dissident Indians joined the suit, and the tribal council was left in an untenable position no matter who won. Since 1924, when Congress decided that American Indians are U.S. citizens, Navajos and other Indians have been both tribal citizens and Americans. Now their rights as members of each group had been thrust into conflict. To oust Mitchell would leave legal aid agencies powerless to help individual Indians fight tribal governments for their rights. On the other hand, if the tribal council were forbidden to say whether white men could come or go on Navajo land, as their treaty specifically guaranteed, their basic rights to their reservation might be critically impaired.

Federal Judge Walter E. Craig's decision last week said that Mitchell and other non-Indians on the reservation deserve assurance that they will not be "summarily ejected because of the disfavor of the ruling segment of the tribe" without due process of law. Mitchell did not get due process, said the judge, because the tribe's edict was ex post facto, banishing the lawyer for deeds declared unlawful only after he performed them. Moreover, said the judge, among its other offenses against due process, the tribe abridged Mitchell's freedom of speech and that of his clients as well. Why must the tribe abide by these provisions of the white man's Bill of Rights? Because, ruled the judge, the 1968 Civil Rights Act categorically says so. As expected, the Navajo council quickly announced an appeal.



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TELEVISION

Mr. Brinkley Goes to New York

THERE must be millions of Americans who have no idea who said "Good night, sweet prince," but who know full well who says "Good night, Chet" six evenings a week. He is, of course, that ironic (the cliché is "wry") fellow who has co-anchored the *Huntley-Brinkley Report* since its première in 1956. With Huntley in New York and Brinkley in Washington, the pair have made their dinner-hour news show the biggest revenue producer on NBC, except for the prime-time movies. That is undoubtedly one reason why the network

minion, N.C., *Star-News* in 1938. He booked himself into an Arizona dude ranch following a Tucson lecture. After only two days, he turned around disgustedly and flew home to New York: the weather was "lousy," and he couldn't stomach the group activities. Part of his difficulty, he adds, is that a career of deadlines (he also writes a 31-minute NBC radio commentary weekdays) has left him compulsive about time. "It affects—you might even say, warps—your personality," he says in the familiar, syncopated rhythm that is the

taps out the script in the last hour or two before air time.

Come 3:30 p.m., the executive producer decides the "rundown"—the priority and time allotted to each item and which anchorman does which. Formerly, Brinkley caught the domestic-politics stories, Huntley, the Viet Nam and foreign. Now, with both in New York, jurisdictions are less fixed, though Brinkley customarily gets the change-of-pace "closers." Says Huntley: "I've killed more good jokes than any man alive. David could read the dictionary, and it would be light and frothy." The two men, while not close personally, have always meshed perfectly professionally. "We just sort of took each other as we were, and we still do," Brinkley says. "For one thing, neither of us has any interest in hogging the air."

Watching Cronkite. As the afternoon wears on, one can tell the time by the edginess in the air in the Huntley-Brinkley newsroom. David is supercool, strolling occasionally from his private office to flip his copy onto the producer's desk. There are three echelons of editors, but none of them lays a glove on Brinkley's stuff. At 6:20 p.m., he heads for the studio three flights up. Huntley wears makeup. Brinkley never does. Generally, during the Huntley or filmed items and the commercials, Brinkley is still sandpapering his own prose and cutting it to size (he delivers only about 170 words a minute, as opposed to Huntley's or almost anyone's 180).

After the sign-off good nights between David and Chet and "for NBC News," Brinkley returns to his office to stand by to retape any fluffs or update breaking stories for the part of the nation receiving the show on a delayed basis. He may also watch CBS to see how Cronkite has played that day's news. "I like to compete," he confesses.

Boondoggles. What he dislikes about the business is what he calls the "star system"—the inability to go anywhere without being gawked at (people are surprised that he is 6 ft. 2 in. tall) and bugged for autographs. As early as 1960, he found that he could no longer cover presidential primaries because bystanders were paying more attention to him than to the candidates. "One of the pains of this job," he said in an interview with *TIME* Writer Richard Burghein, "is that you spend one-third of your time being a celebrity."

A more professional peeve is the politicians who expect TV newsmen to be "their public-address system or megaphone." When Republican Party Aide John Fisher questioned his objectivity last December, Brinkley snapped that the charge was "perfectly silly, totally asinine—anyone who was objective would be some sort of vegetable." When Democrats suggested that he might now cover the Chicago convention differently, he bristled: "I wouldn't change one thing we did, not one shot, not one word." He sums up his own politics these days as "liberal, but not very. We of the liberal class," he says, "put our



BRINKLEY RELAXING IN VIRGINIA

Unhappiness is reading someone else's copy.



IN MANHATTAN STUDIO

made no point of the fact that at age 48 and after 25 years in Washington, David Brinkley has now moved to New York, where these days he co-anchors the program from the same Manhattan studio as Chet Huntley. Brinkley ended his quarter-century with NBC radio and TV in the capital because, he says, "I needed a change." He sought a new perspective distance from a government system that he feels "is not working" and from a federal bureaucracy that he finds is "betraying" the people. Then, too, he obviously wanted to escape the insular Washington social scene, particularly since he and his wife of 22 years are now separated. Says NBC News President Reuben Frank: "Every story that came up, David remembered happening five times before. He needed recharging. He was really running down."

Career of Deadlines. Recharging is not all that easy. Last month, Brinkley finally took off for a week's vacation after what has probably been the most pulverizing year of newsmaking (politics, assassinations, space shots) since he started reporting for his home-town Wil-

iamsburg, N.C., *Star-News* in 1938. He booked himself into an Arizona dude ranch following a Tucson lecture. After only two days, he turned around disgustedly and flew home to New York: the weather was "lousy," and he couldn't stomach the group activities. Part of his difficulty, he adds, is that a career of deadlines (he also writes a 31-minute NBC radio commentary weekdays) has left him compulsive about time. "It affects—you might even say, warps—your personality," he says in the familiar, syncopated rhythm that is the

same off the air as on. "Oh, yes, I can relax. But I can't relax doing nothing." His estranged wife, former United Press Reporter Ann Fischer, maintains that David's work is "the one thing in the world he's really comfortable with." He goes to the office around 10 a.m., having read the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* in his still sparsely furnished apartment on Sutton Place. Figuring "I'd rather not eat than cook myself," he sometimes makes breakfast out of toast and coffee carted down from the NBC commissary. Lunch generally comes in from a drugstore. From his office in New York, Brinkley still digs out stories and checks nuances by phone with his old Washington sources, which are, as ever, at the Cabinet and committee-chairman level. But his true vocation is news writing, and he is indisputably the best in television. CBS's Walter Cronkite edits the items he reads. Chet Huntley will write an item or two a night that he feels strongly about. To Brinkley, unhappiness is having to read someone else's copy. Even when he does the whole show by himself, he

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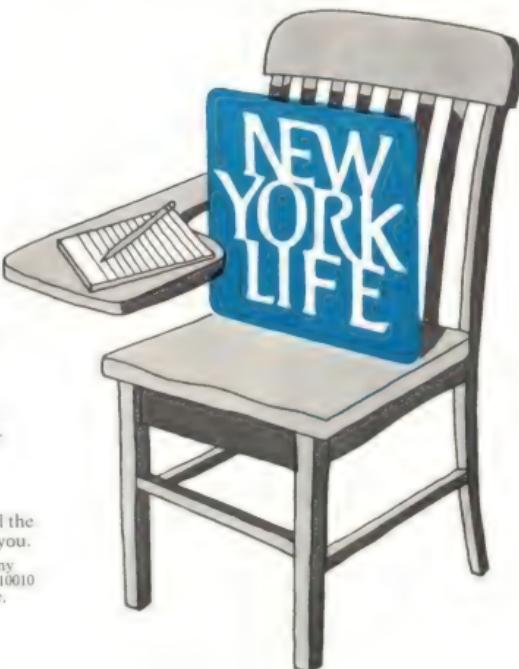
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faith in two institutions," the labor unions and the Federal Government, which has become "a clumsy, heavy-footed bureaucratic monster out of contact with the American people." The unions have collaborated with the defense industry, he believes, to push such "boondoggles" as the ABM. The Congress has become "enthralled with military hardware" and gotten away with it "since militarism and patriotism have come to mean the same thing." In short, says Brinkley, "the people are being badly served by their political system. The system will break down if it isn't changed soon."

Brinkley thinks that kids today—he has three boys of his own, ages 13, 16 and 19—are "impressive, fine, just great." He disdainfully dismisses "the small minority of neurotics, hell-raising for its own sake and listening to Professor Marcuse, whom I regard as a fool—not because he's a left-winger, but because he's a fool." He refuses to contribute to the easy criticism of middle-class America: "We could spend the afternoon," he told Burgham, "dissecting the two-car, backyard-barbecue, Bermuda-shorts, country-club syndrome. If people like that way of life, it suits me all right."

Degrading Gossip. What is Brinkley's own idea of recreation? Not television. Still the small-town railroad clerk's son who got much of his education from the library (he has no college degree), he is a reader—lately, George Kennan's *Memoirs* and *Thirteen Days*, an account of the Cuban missile crisis by his late friend, Robert Kennedy. He is also a Sunday painter and a music lover. He gave up the trombone 15 years ago, but keeps up with the scene and his old jazz-playing friends. In Manhattan, he goes to the Met for his favorite "Italian war-horses," avoids Mozart and Wagner. His pop preferences include Aretha Franklin and Simon & Garfunkel. When he really wants to relax, his refuge is a cabin he designed and built himself in Virginia. "I'm quite a good carpenter and architect," he says.

When his marriage soured, Brinkley for a time could be found in quiet restaurant corners with Washington's most eligible women, like Barbara Hower or the 1951 Miss America, Yolande Betbeze Fox. Gossip columns lately have linked him with actress Lauren Bacall. At the very mention, his lips curl dourly: "I hardly even know the woman." He calls such chitchat "degrading" and again blames it on the star system resulting from "one man or two men appearing every day in the role of all-wise, all-knowing journalistic supermen. It is absurd." So absurd, he said in a Columbia University lecture honoring Elmer Davis, "that it may be that Huntley and Cronkite and I and a few others are the last of a type." That was in 1966. With the *Huntley-Brinkley Report* as profitable as it is, he now fears that TV anchormen are as indestructible as federal bureaucrats.

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ATLAS

BUSINESS

THE BITTER BATTLE OF THE FRANC

AS the weakest link in the chain of major currencies, the French franc is the primary source of world monetary instability. The immediate fate of the franc rides on the long-awaited wage negotiations between Charles de Gaulle's government and French labor unions. Last week, three days after they began, those talks collapsed in acrimony. French unions called a 24-hour general strike for early this week and set the stage for a showdown that could determine whether France can avoid de-

dropped twelve points in two days, closing the week at 911.

Implacable Enemies. The French labor talks were the first since last May's nationwide riots. The earlier negotiations led to wage hikes averaging about 15% and touched off an inflationary spiral that has damaged the country's trade position and weakened confidence in the franc. As last week's labor talks approached, French workers complained that price increases have eaten into earlier wage gains, and insisted on new in-

But devaluation would also be a bitter political setback for Charles de Gaulle, who has staked his prestige on maintaining parity of the franc at 20 U.S. cents. Even so, a currency that foreigners hesitate to handle and that Frenchmen hold only because they have to is hardly the basis for a policy of grandeur.

In the latest of many austerity moves to hold off devaluation, the Bank of France is expected to announce this week another increase in the country's discount rate, which has been raised over the past year from 3 1/2% to 6%. Such belt tightening has already fanned social unrest. Across France last week, normally docile merchants closed down their shops in a one-day protest against high taxes. Some even took to the streets and battled riot police.

Dangerous Game. If labor eventually settles for increases of 4% or so, the franc will probably squeeze through. Too many concessions by the government would force devaluation. Somehow, De Gaulle must be tough enough to face down the unions but flexible enough to avoid the kind of revolutionary unrest that shook France during last spring's devastating strikes. Last week De Gaulle issued yet another "non" to both lavish wage increases and devaluation. He told his cabinet that the wage settlement offer last May was "probably too much. But what has been done is done. In any event, there is no question of going any further." Despite De Gaulle's stubborn determination, a large number of European moneymen regard as inevitable a 10% to 15% devaluation of the franc before the end of the year.



GOLD TRADERS AT THE PARIS BOURSE
Dialogue of the deaf.

valuation—and whether the world can escape new monetary dislocations.

With the promise of trouble to come, money markets came under their worst speculative pressure since last November's currency crisis. In Paris, London and Zurich, the free-market price of gold climbed to all-time highs. It soared to \$48.41 per oz. in Paris, compared with the official price of \$35. Many people were lusting to buy gold, and practically no one was willing to sell. Frenchmen, historically distrustful of their own currency, defied monetary controls and smuggled suitcases full of francs into Switzerland and Belgium. There, they rushed to put their money into gold, Euromillions and strong currencies—notably Swiss francs, Belgian francs and West German marks. Speculators and traders outside France were betting, in effect, on devaluation: they were agreeing to buy francs for future delivery only at discounts of up to 27%. The jitters spread to the British pound, which also weakened on currency exchanges. On Wall Street, the Dow-Jones industrial average

creases of 10% to 12%. Eventually, the union leaders trimmed their demand by half. But government negotiators argued that even a 6% raise would force the franc's "immediate devaluation." They offered 4%.

The result was what the French call a *dialogue des sourds* (dialogue of the deaf), a meeting marked by arm waving, table thumping—and little, if any, progress. Union and government negotiators could not even agree on what to talk about, a divergence that was hardly surprising in a country where workers and management traditionally view each other as implacable enemies.

Shopkeepers to the Streets. Big wage increases could put new inflationary pressures on an economy that is already severely strained. Because inflation has hindered exports and stoked domestic demand for imports, French trade deficits ran more than \$200 million a month in both December and January. Devaluation of the franc would relieve the competitive imbalance by making French goods cheaper on world markets.

MONEY

Fuss Over the Federal Reserve

You have been the most costly public official in the history of the world.

This judgment, delivered at his desk-pounding best by Texas Democrat Wright Patman two weeks ago, was an expected but more than usually hyperbolic condemnation of William McChesney Martin. At each of his 18 yearly appearances before congressional committees, Martin has been routinely scoured for his chairmanship of the Federal Reserve Board, which Populist Patman blames for tight money and high interest rates. This year Patman has plenty of company. More critics than ever, ranging from academic to the new Administration, are taking aim at the nation's central bank.

Bill Martin is the perfect fall guy. His Federal Reserve is one of Washington's most powerful but least understood agencies; it treasures its independence from President, political parties and pressure groups. Martin and the six other governors of the Federal Reserve manipulate the levers that con-

trol the nation's money supply and interest rates. Today, as a result of their actions, money is tight and costlier to borrow than at any time since the Civil War. To their distaste, bankers have to turn down customers seeking loans: businessmen have to put off some projects because credit is so expensive; brokers watch helplessly as investors shift out of stocks into high-yielding bonds; customers have to pay more in carrying charges for a house or car.

Radical and Erratic. Bankers have been baffled by what many call the Federal Reserve's erratic and clumsy attempts at monetary "fine-tuning." Even some of the Federal Reserve System's twelve regional banks have been restive toward the board. Last week the New York Federal Reserve Bank reported that its officers had disagreed with board policy all through 1968, usually favoring even higher interest rates than the board voted. Some White House economists and many bankers argue that the board's autonomy must be ended.

Most of the critics are directing their fire from grounds first staked out by Economist Milton Friedman, who contends that the nation's money supply should be expanded within a fairly steady range of 2% to 6% a year—just enough to match the "normal" pace of economic expansion (TIME, Jan. 10). To go above or below these limits, he says, is to invite inflation or deflation. The board in recent years has shifted radically and rapidly from tight money to easy money and back again, sometimes increasing the money supply at an annual rate of 12%.

Even the board's apologists admit that, since about 1965, it has repeatedly over-reacted to political considerations. It is widely agreed that the board let the money supply shoot up much too fast late in 1965, contract too sharply in mid-1966 and then rise too rapidly in 1967 and 1968. The great rises of the past two years have fueled inflation, which the board is now trying earnestly to stop. Since December, the money supply has not grown at all, and bankers can no longer meet the increasing demand for loans. Martin's foes were jubilant when the \$42,500-a-year chairman recently confessed to a three-year "heritage of errors" in economic policymaking by the board, Congress and the Administration.

Mixed Quality. Criticism of the board seems to increase with the arrival of each new Administration. In 1961, because the incoming Kennedy Administration feared that the Federal Reserve might not go along with plans to stimulate the then-sluggish economy, some New Frontiersmen spread the fiction that it was a "tradition" for the Federal Reserve chairman to offer to resign. Martin never took the hint. Today's Federal Reserve governors are mostly Democratic appointees and, for the first time in many years, the board stands to the left of the Administration. But President Nixon has pointedly asked Martin to stay on until his term expires next Jan. 31.

In the imperfect art of managing money, Martin and his Federal Reserve have bumbled often. Yet they have many strengths. The 62-year-old chairman is one of Washington's most astute politicians and a master at wringing consensus from the diverse personalities among the seven Federal Reserve governors and twelve presidents. No one doubts Martin's courage. When politicians were unwilling to raise taxes to slow inflation and narrow federal budget deficits, the board did the job by restricting money. Then Martin calmly absorbed the resulting criticism, most notably after the "credit crunch" of 1966. To blame the Federal Reserve for that, says Arthur Okun, who was Lyndon Johnson's chief economist, is "like scolding a driver who just avoided hitting a

ture—and any moves to tighten money are political poison. European central bankers are particularly happy that Martin has so much power. They figure that politicians have a clearly inflationary bias and that the U.S. needs a man with Martin's independence and integrity to take the necessary, if politically unpopular, steps required to help stabilize demand and prices. When rumors went around in 1967 that Martin might not be reappointed as chairman, some European central bankers observed that his departure would so shake foreign confidence in Washington's money policy that the U.S. would lose \$1 billion in gold. Considering that gold sells officially for \$35 an ounce, the bankers must reckon that Bill Martin is worth his weight in gold—17,000 times over.



MARTIN & FEDERAL RESERVE GOVERNORS'
Company for the scourge.

AIRCRAFT

Flight of the Fast Bird

In the eyes of the British and the French, the Concorde supersonic jet that made its maiden flight last week is far more than the newest transport to take to the air. The plane is a gamble for enormous stakes. Paris and London together have invested more than \$1.5 billion in the plane, nearly triple the original estimate, and have budgeted \$600 million more for initial operation. On the Concorde rides much of the future of the aeronautical industries of both France and Britain, as well as the possibility of further industrial partnerships between the two countries. Sales of the plane could bring in significant amounts of foreign exchange to lift already shaky currencies.

The bird that rolled out of the hangar at Toulouse, one year late for its

* From left, front row: James I. Robertson, J. Dewey Daane, George W. Mitchell Back row: Sherman J. Maisel, Andrew F. Brimmer, *AMERICAN HERITAGE*—*AP*—*UPI*



CONCORDE TAKING OFF
Now for engineers as diplomats.

first test flight, had the ungainly look of a pterodactyl. Its drooping snout reared four stories above the Tarmac; the delta wings that extended from its tubular 191-ft. body seemed barely big enough to support it. But when Test Pilot André Turcat gunned the cluster of four jet engines, the Concorde climbed swiftly and steeply. After 27 minutes of subsonic flight, it made an equally flawless, steep-pitched landing. After that, champagne corks popped around Blagnac Airport, and newspapers in Britain and France brought out big, bold headlines to celebrate.

Afply Named. Everyone involved was doubly elated, since there were times during the past nine years when it seemed unlikely that the Concorde would ever be built, much less get off the ground. Incessant wrangling between France and Britain about entry into the Common Market threatened an embarrassing end to the project. But through all the bickering, technicians of France's Sud Aviation and the British Aircraft Corporation got along famously. For them, at least, the Concorde has more than lived up to its name, producing the kind of amity that De Gaulle seems determined to frustrate. Said Britain's Minister of Technology, Anthony Wedgwood Benn: "Engineers have great respect for each other. The sooner engineers start manning the diplomatic corps the better."

Engineering amity aside, though, many problems remain. The Concorde's passenger capacity comes to only 128, and the curving sides of its narrow fuselage make window seats rather cramped, even though the seats themselves are 34 in. wide, compared with 22 in. for a Boeing 747. Fully loaded, the Concorde will be able to cover about 4,000 miles, and Paris-New York

is a 3,700-mile flight. That leaves no leeway for meeting international standards, which call for a 25% fuel-safety margin. Either the Concorde's range will have to be extended or the plane will have to be restricted to lighter loads.

Although a sonic boom can shatter windows miles below a jet, the Anglo-French partners maintain that tests have shown that their Concorde will not cause "danger to life, health or property." Even so, during the first two test hops last week, the roar of the plane's engines could be heard miles away. If its flights have to be rerouted to avoid populous areas or its engines throttled back to lower noise levels, Concorde's already precarious ability to fly the Atlantic will dwindle dangerously, and its attraction to airlines that travel mostly over land will be severely limited.

Premium Fares. When the Concorde goes into service in 1973 or earlier, its expected top cruising speed will be 1,450 m.p.h., and the plane will leap the Atlantic in three and a half hours, about twice as fast as a 707 or DC-8. Many passengers will probably be eager to hop aboard just to get there faster. But lines flying Concorde will have to charge a premium, perhaps 20% above regular jet fares, or make sure that each plane is more than 60% full. By contrast, existing jets can break even at 50% of capacity.

The partners talk hopefully about a potential market for 400 Concorde. Their break-even point is thought to be around 130 planes, and the manufacturers have in hand 74 options, all of which can be withdrawn by the airlines that placed them. Meanwhile, the Europeans have been anxiously watching as the U.S. designs and redesigns its own SST. When the U.S. plane finally flies, it will be much bigger than the Concorde and some 350 m.p.h. faster. Britons continue to fear that they will again be first—as they were in television broadcasting, jet engines and jet transports—only to run into difficulties and be overtaken by the Americans, who stand to learn from the mistakes of the pioneers.

JAPAN

Bigger Is Better

Japanese business, long dominated by a handful of family cartels and other industrial combines called *zaibatsu*, used to use size as a measure of success. The bigger the better. When U.S. occupation authorities took over after World War II, one of their first acts was to break up the *zaibatsu*, notably the monopolistic Japan Steel Co. The surge of domestic competition that followed stimulated the country's phenomenal recovery. Now Japan is discovering another result: a need to rebuild some of the old industrial concentration.

Last week, encouraged by the government, the two offspring of the old Japan Steel Co.—Yawata Iron & Steel and Fuji Iron & Steel—agreed to get to-

gether again. Their merger marked a long stride toward the formation of giant companies in all major industries in Japan.

No Complaints. On June 1, with the approval of Japan's rather toothless antitrust watchdog, the Fair Trade Commission, Fuji and Yawata will form the New Japan Steel Co., the world's second largest steel company after U.S. Steel Corp. Last year the two partners produced 25 million tons v. U.S. Steel's 32 million; they had sales of \$2.5 billion. Under the presidency of Yoshihiro Inayama, now the chief of Yawata, the new company will employ 80,000 people in ten huge, highly integrated mills throughout Japan.

Already, modern basic oxygen furnaces produce about 73% of Japan's steel, compared with around 20% in the U.S. and 10% in Europe. The combine will create a large pool of capital resources for investment in still more up-to-date equipment. It will also be a formidable competitor in international markets. Last year Japan produced 74 million tons of crude steel—exceeded only by the U.S.'s 131 million tons and Russia's 118 million—and one-fifth of the output was exported.

Fuji and Yawata together account for 34% of Japan's burgeoning steel production. They have no complaints about complying with conditions imposed by the Fair Trade Commission, and have reduced their share of the market in heavy rails, timbers, and foundry iron, in which they would otherwise clearly hold a monopolistic position. Significantly, Japan's four other major steel firms showed no real opposition to the merger. "The other steel companies have become strong enough to withstand any kind of competition," explained Hosai Hyuga, president of Sumitomo Metal Industries.



AUTOMATION IN FUJI STEEL MILL
In the tradition of zaibatsu.

What the government is doing about our drinking problem.



It's true that only a small percentage of drivers on our roads are dangerous drunks. But the shocking truth is that this relatively small group is involved in more than half of all fatal highway crashes. Last year alone, drinking was involved in more than 25,000 traffic deaths.

Somebody should do something. And somebody is.

The elimination of dangerous drunks from our roads is one of the top priorities of the National High-

way Safety Bureau's sixteen-step safety plan.

To implement this step, the Highway Safety Bureau has furnished a standard to help state and local law enforcement officials determine which drivers are "legally drunk." Some states have already initiated this standard, which establishes a blood alcohol concentration of .10% as "legally drunk."

The Safety Bureau further proposes that each state pass laws requiring suspected drunk drivers to submit to clinical tests to establish whether or not they are drunk.

We at State Farm strongly endorse these state and federal efforts. We believe they represent positive steps toward removing the dangerous drunks from our highways. And we urge you to support these measures too.

Because we must put an end to the problem of drunk drivers.

Before they put an end to us.

Somebody is doing something.

State Farm Mutual
Automobile Insurance Company
Home Office: Bloomington, Illinois





We're not 21, but we get to vote for president!

Maybe the Feds don't think we're old enough to vote, but when Aquinas College was looking for a new president, the Administration included the students "in" on the search from the very first. We were asked to submit nominations; we had representation on the Presidential Search Committee; and this Fall we met and interviewed each of the presidential candidates at a private session for students.

We also have student representatives on the standing committees of the faculty.

If it's participatory democracy you're after (as well as a college where you're a name and not a number), look no further. Write or call our Admissions Counselor to get the lowdown on a private, fully accredited, coeducational college where 1,300 students can make their voices heard.

Aquinas College
Grand Rapids, Michigan 49506



How much of your profit is tied up on Rt. 1?

Many shippers use surface transportation because the rates are lower than air freight. Even though Eastern Air Freight can usually deliver a product to your key markets overnight. And though stored inventory costs can exceed transportation costs.

Make a more penetrating analysis of your own distribution set-up. You may find you can increase sales and reduce inventory at the same time by using air freight. And reduce your warehouse needs. All this means capital freed for more profitable use.

Then there are other related costs—such as insur-

ance, handling, inventory taxes, damage and pilferage—that could be cut via air freight. Day in, day out.

So when you look at your total distribution picture, you may find air is really a less expensive way to go to market than surface transportation.

The best approach? Let one of our Distribution Economists with a knowledge of your field make a study of your needs. No cost or obligation. Simply write Eastern Air Freight, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020.



**EASTERN
Air Freight**

International · Domestic · Air Ocean

Introducing the Pitney-Bowes multi-copier. We'd rather be right than first.



Not that we're against innovations. We've had more than our share—from the first postage meter, which we introduced 48 years ago, to the first automatic-feed copier we introduced just last year.



Nor are we against multi-copiers. Like our competitors, we've seen the need for years. But, rather than rush out with half-right answers, we rushed in with questions like these:



"How much multi-copier does your business need?" The answer, from all kinds of businesses: Not too much but enough. "What is too much multi-copier?" One that costs too much, breaks down too much, takes up too much space. "What is enough multi-copier?" One that turns out sharp, dry copies that won't turn brown, crumble or fade.



Now we felt we knew enough to turn to our engineers. "Give us," we told them, "a multi-copier just desk-top size. Make it electrostatic, so its copies will be both permanent and dry. Put a lens in it, so it won't show smudges where originals were erased or whitened out. (And so it can copy from two-sided originals without letting the reverse side show through.)



Test it until it's reliable. Then bring it in at a much lower price than anything in its class. "Now you tell us," said our engineers, "when and what can we cut?" We wondered. Our research showed that while most machines expensively offered 15 copies, most users need 5 or less. We told that to our engineers. They said "we'll give you up to 10."



Then we thought about that 11-inch-wide throat. Why should most people pay several hundred dollars extra for inches that only a few ever use? We'd make our throat the width of most copies, just 8 1/2".



Last, we pondered sheet-feed. It would be much cheaper to make. But a roll-fed machine would operate much more reliably. (Sheet-feeding often makes copiers jam.) And it would save you money on paper (since copies would be cut to the original's length). So we knew we had no option. We'd have to go with roll-feed.



Then we added up all the costs we had left, (after we'd left the frills out), and we found we could sell our 250 MC copier for a very moderate \$895 (or lease it for as little as \$23.00 a month). And, of course, it is the only multi-copier backed by Pitney-Bowes service—over 2,000 servicemen ready to answer any call within hours.



Pitney-Bowes

For information, write Pitney-Bowes, Inc., 1286 Crosby, Stamford, Conn. 06904. Postage Meters, Addresser-Printers, Folders, Inserters, Counters and Imprinters, Scales, Mailopeners, Collators, Copiers.

Indeed, some competitors are counting on the trend to concentration in steel to help bring an end to the wild price fluctuations that have kept profits at a low 2% to 3% in recent years.

Fierce Competition. Japanese steel men aim for a 15% gain in output and increased exports this year. Already, about one ton of steel in every 15 sold in the U.S. is made in Japan, and Washington's urging has brought a Japanese agreement to reduce exports to the U.S. by nearly one-fourth. The slack will be taken up in other markets, notably in Southeast Asia and Europe, where competition is expected to be fierce.

The steel merger will also contribute to efficiency in the world's fastest growing national economy. Output has been leaping ahead by at least 12% annually. The Japanese have achieved that record not only because of their justly famed industriousness but because they have the world's highest rate of savings and capital investment and one of the world's lowest rates of taxation. Not least among the factors of Japanese success is the renaissance of the national philosophy that the bigger a company, the more competitive it can be in the rest of the world.

ADVERTISING

Drugstore Love-In

Madison Avenue is certainly not tired of that famous three-letter word, S-E-X, but it is increasingly captivated by a four-letter word, I-O-V-E. That is the name of a new line of cosmetics that has been brought out by Menley & James, a subsidiary of Smith Kline & French Laboratories. Love was in splashy four-page ads in almost every leading woman's magazine (*Vogue*, *Redbook*, *Cosmopolitan*) and in regional editions of *LIFE*. At a time when advertising is bolder and nuder than ever, the multimillion-dollar campaign leaves little to the imagination.

De Love cologne, say the ads, has "the light fragrance you should wear all over." Shadowing sticks called Loveshines are announced as available in a number of colors, including Sexy (a rosy pink); they are to be used to "contour and color your eyes, face, all your other kissable little curves and hollows." Television commercials show a model applying Loveshines to the cleavage in her bosom. In another TV spot, a young man watches his girl friend spread Love's Basic Moisture over much of her body and sighs: "It's done wonders for her whole mental outlook. And our relationship has improved 100%." Just in case that fails to lure the customers, most of the Love cosmetics are sold in tall, bullet-shaped containers that, the designers say, are frank Freudian symbols.

Turning Purple. The campaign is the Love child of the Wells, Rich, Greene agency. President Mary Wells Lawrence and her staff not only wrote the copy but helped design the packaging and watched over most other stages of marketing for the Philadelphia manufac-



MARY WELLS LAWRENCE



MENLEY & JAMES AD

Leaving little to the imagination.

turer. The word love, says Mary Lawrence, was selected because "it will be nice a word in 1980 as it is today." Of Love's new lipstick, she says: "They turned purple in Philadelphia when we thought of the word Lovesticks."

Wells, Rich, Greene got the account in 1967, when Menley & James, which also makes Contac cold capsules, wanted a place in the \$2 billion-a-year cosmetics market. At first, the company considered acquiring an existing cosmetics firm. President Peter Godfrey, who knew the then Mary Wells only by reputation, solicited her advice. Counseled Mary: "Don't buy a going concern. You'll get stuck with its image."

The campaign demonstrates anew Mary Lawrence's knack for attracting the attention that has made Wells, Rich, Greene one of the nation's fastest growing agencies. Just two weeks ago, it won the Royal Crown Cola account, which raised the three-year-old agency's annual billings to \$100 million and put it among the top 30 ad agencies. Like Braniff Airways, a former WRC client, and American Motors, a current one, Royal Crown trails the leaders in its highly competitive field and counts heavily on snappy advertising for recognition.

Limited Line. In promoting Love, the agency is out to generate high volume on limited line of products. Revlon, Elizabeth Arden and other established companies put their cosmetics into department stores as well as drugstores. Menley & James will sell Love only in drugstores, where 40% of all cosmetics are moved. The company already has strong drugstore connections built through Contac. Love is slanted primarily for women aged 18 to 35, but Mary Lawrence, 40, feels that the new cosmetics will also appeal to oldsters like herself who "want to look fresh and honest on weekends after being out in a man's world all week."

TOBACCO

They Will Not Puff

In the tobacco industry's palmyer days, cigarette ads highlighted big-name stars with their cigarettes smoldering and innocent-looking young women who cooed, "Blow some my way." Now the message is moving in the other direction. The tobacco men are being told by some celebrities: "Shove off." Last week, as the TV networks signed up sponsors for the 1969-70 season, big names and small names alike opened fire on cigarettes. At least two prime-time talents, Doris Day and Lawrence Welk, have sworn off performing on programs sponsored by cigarette manufacturers. So have a number of announcers, actors and commercial "voices," who can earn as much as \$100,000 from a single cigarette campaign.

The smoking-and-health issue is heating up as time draws near for Congress to modify, extend, or simply drop key parts of the 1965 cigarette-labeling act, which requires cigarette packs to bear a health warning. One provision, which bars Government agencies from imposing their own restrictions on cigarette advertising, will expire on June 30. Last month the Federal Communications Commission served notice that it will seek a total blackout of cigarette advertising on radio and TV if the provision is allowed to expire.

Possible Fade-Out. Even if the FCC does not entirely get its way, the prospect is for a long and noisy congressional battle, probably resulting in more restrictions on the promotion of cigarettes. The tobacco industry spent \$225 million in radio and TV advertising last year—about 10% of network revenues—and the possibility of a forced fade-out makes broadcasters extremely unhappy.

Tobacco companies are traditionally

This announcement appears for purposes of record.

\$84,160,000



Trans World Airlines, Inc.

The undersigned arranged for the private sale of approximately \$84,160,000 of Loan Certificates, representing 80% of the cost of fifteen aircraft having a value of approximately \$105,200,000, which the Company proposes to lease for a fifteen-year period.

Dillon, Read & Co. Inc.

March 7, 1969

When all grass lawns are
Windsor that will be the end of
Keep OFF the Grass signs.

SCOTTS, the grass people



Science Finds Way To Shrink Painful Hemorrhoids

And Promptly Stop The Itching,
Relieve Pain In Most Cases.



A scientific research institute has discovered a medication with the ability, in most cases—to promptly stop burning itch and actually shrink hemorrhoids.

In one hemorrhoid case after another very striking improvement was reported by doctors who conducted the tests. Pain and itching were promptly relieved. And while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Tests conducted on hundreds of

patients by doctors in New York City, in Washington, D.C. and at a Midwest Medical Center proved this so. And it was all done without narcotics or stinging astringents of any kind.

The secret is *Preparation H*®. There is no other formula for the treatment of hemorrhoids like it! *Preparation H* also lubricates, soothes irritated tissues and helps prevent further infection. *Preparation H* comes in ointment or suppository form. No prescription is needed.

among the first and biggest bidders for TV time, and so far most of them are being just as aggressive for next season. Reynolds Tobacco (Winston, Salem, Camel), which is the TV industry's third-largest sponsor, plans at least to equal the more than \$42 million it has budgeted for broadcast advertising during the current season. Admen expect that American Tobacco (Pall Mall, Lucky Strike) will spend about the same as last year: more than \$26 million. Liggett & Myers is also holding the line on TV. Some of the companies have been negotiating for "getting-out clauses" in their TV contracts just in case cigarette ads are somehow restricted, or are required to carry health warnings so strong that tobacco men would prefer not to air them.

Counterattack. Cigarette executives are also intensifying their own anti-smoking war. Just last month the Tobacco Institute petitioned the Supreme Court to overturn the 1967 FCC ruling that broadcasters must give free time to commercials warning of the dangers of cigarettes. The Tobacco Institute has also opened a six-week nationwide campaign of newspaper ads reiterating the industry's defense that "there is no demonstrated causal relationship between smoking and any disease" a claim that a spokesman for the Government's National Interagency Council on Smoking and Health describes as "typical hokum."

In addition, the Tobacco Institute is preparing a 35-page broadside presenting its case. It cites research by "eminent doctors and scientists" indicating, among other things, that smokers are "more creative than nonsmokers—more energetic, more volatile." They might be expected to be sicker, the Institute suggests, "because of the kind of people they happen to be."

Almost as if they see more trouble ahead, the cigarette makers are spending considerable money and energy to diversify. Reynolds is about to acquire McLean Industries (shipping, trucking), and it plans to drop "Tobacco" from its corporate name. The company thus follows American Tobacco, which has spread into liquor, food and other products: it announced three weeks ago that it wants to be known as American Brands Inc. That is quite a change for a company that used to brag: "Tobacco is our middle name."

HIGH FINANCE The InterCapitalists

Fred Stein arrived on Wall Street in 1957. His assets: nine years in the merchant marine, two years in the Army, a high school equivalency diploma and a voracious appetite for reading. An Army buddy had introduced him to Gerald M. Loeb's *Battle for Investment Survival*, and Stein was hooked. He read every stock-market book that he could find, and landed a position as a \$50-a-week clerk. Then he shifted from job



STEIN WITH STOKES, REILLY & ZEIKEL
Not a blinker in the lot.

to job in several Wall Street houses, always moving up.

Last week Stein, now 41, became chief executive of a new investment service that will advise affluent clients about how to make their money multiply. It is a revised version of the 35-year-old Standard & Poor's investment service, one of the five biggest in the nation. Called Standard & Poor's/InterCapital, Inc., the firm starts out with \$3 billion in funds that have been put up by 1,800 individual and institutional investors, each of which must have accounts of at least \$140,000.

Russel Morrison, the 37-year-old president of Standard & Poor's—a company that specializes in financial reporting—decided that the best way to improve profits of the S. & P. counseling operation was to spin it off as a separate firm under bolder management. He turned to Stein, then a partner at Oppenheimer & Co. Stein had earned a reputation as an analyst by his spotting of Syntex, Control Data and semiconductor stocks. Last year he earned more than \$1,000,000. At InterCapital, Stein has three friends. The No. 2 man, Arthur Zeikel, 36, moved from Dreyfus Corp., where he was co-manager of the \$2.7-billion Dreyfus Fund for the past four years. The two other partners in InterCapital, Charles C. Reilly, 38, and J. Brock Stokes, 33, were colleagues of Stein's at Oppenheimer.

Standard & Poor's retains a 40% interest in the firm. The remaining 60% is held by Stein and his associates, who signed personal checks for \$1,800,000 in capital. In staffing Standard & Poor's/InterCapital, Stein expects to emphasize youth, even to the point of hiring managers in their 20s. "Young men are more able to spot opportunities," says he. "They don't wear blinkers."



Most practical sport in the world...that's flying! Challenging! Swinging! Very practical transportation. Lets you go places, see people, do things you never thought you had time for before.

\$5 GIVES YOU A FLYING START

That's all it costs for the Special Introductory Flight Lesson being offered by your nearby Piper dealer or Piper Flite Center. You'll fly in a Piper Cherokee quiet, comfortable, roomy, with modern low wing. You'll handle the controls yourself. You'll get a taste of why flying is so appealing. If you'd like to try something a little out of the ordinary, why not give it a try?



WRITE for fascinating Learn-to-fly kit

PIPER Aircraft Corp. • Lock Haven, Pa. 17745

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TR-1

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1,057,800 Shares

Polaroid Corporation

Common Stock

(Par Value \$1 Per Share)

The Company is offering the holders of its Common Stock the right to subscribe for these Shares, subject to terms and conditions set forth in the Prospectus. The Subscription Offer will expire at 3:30 P.M., Eastern Standard Time, on March 19, 1969. The several underwriters have agreed, subject to certain conditions, to purchase any unsubscribed Shares and may offer the Shares, both during and after the subscription period, as set forth in the Prospectus.

Subscription Price \$95 per Share

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Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis Salomon Brothers & Hutzler Smith, Barney & Co.
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Stone & Webster Securities Corporation

White, Weld & Co.
Incorporated

Dean Witter & Co.
Incorporated

March 6, 1969

NEW YORK THEATRE

"BROADWAY'S WITTIES MUSICAL IN YEARS." —Clive Barnes, NEW YORK TIMES

PROMISES, PROMISES

MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Man. 1000, Eng. 1000, 12, 10, 9, 8,
6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0. Eng. 1000, 12, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0. Wed.
and Sat. 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0. Eng. 1000, 12, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0. Wed.
SUNDAY THEATRE, 225 West 46th Street, New York, 10036.

"A HILARIOUS EVENING: A CHEERFUL,
VIRTUOSO ROMP." —Clive Barnes, N.Y. TIMES

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM

MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Eng. 1000, Eng. 1000, 12, 10, 9, 8,
6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0. Eng. 1000, 12, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0. Wed.
and Sat. 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0. Eng. 1000, 12, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0. Wed.
BROADHURST THEATRE, 223 West 44th Street, New York, 10036.

"GREAT FUN! A BREEZY, BEGUILING COMEDY." —Walter Kerr, NEW YORK TIMES

FORTY CARATS

MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Eng. 1000, Eng. 1000, 12, 10, 9, 8,
6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0. Eng. 1000, 12, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0. Wed.
and Sat. 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0. Eng. 1000, 12, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0. Wed.
MOROSCO THEATRE, 212 West 45th Street, New York, 10036.

"I ADORE THIS NEW 'DOLLY!'" —Clive Barnes,
N.Y. TIMES

HELLO, DOLLY!

MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Man. 1000, Eng. 1000, 12, 10, 9, 8,
7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0. Eng. 1000, 12, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0. Wed.
and Sat. 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0. Eng. 1000, 12, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0. Wed.
51 JAMES THEATRE, 201 West 44th Street, New York, 10036.

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TIME. If your zip is
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MILESTONES

Born. To Sonny Bono, 34, and Cher Bono, 22, priest and priestess of the folk-rock tribe (*I Got You, Babe; You Better Sit Down, Kids*); their first child, a girl; in Hollywood. Name: Chastity.

Died. Fairleigh Dickinson III, 19, Columbia University freshman and an heir to the family's surgical-equipment fortunes, which enabled the Dicksons to found and build New Jersey's Fairleigh Dickinson University; of a reported overdose of an opium derivative and LSD; in a friend's dormitory room on the school's Manhattan campus.

Died. Marcello Boldrini, 79, Italian scholar-turned-executive who in 1962 succeeded the dynamic Enrico Mattei as president of *Ente Nazionale Idrocarburi*, Italy's worldwide, state-owned oil corporation; of a brain tumor; in Milan. A one-time professor of statistics, Boldrini joined ENI in 1948 as president of its distributing company, and was vice president of the sprawling complex by the time Mattei died in a plane crash; critics dismissed the 72-year-old statistician as an "interim pope," but in his five-year reign he proved to be as expansive and guileful as his predecessor, plunging ENI into extensive new operations in Egypt, the Congo and South America, and playing East against West by bargaining for crude oil from both the Soviet Union and the U.S.'s Jersey Standard.

Died. Ernest Nixon, 85, President Nixon's uncle, a professor of plant pathology at Pennsylvania State University from 1917 to 1940, who, for his successful efforts in encouraging farmers to grow potatoes in the hard Pennsylvania soil, was known variously as "the Potato Wizard of Pennsylvania," the "Knute Rockne of Spudland" and the "Billy Sunday of Potatodom"; of cancer; in Bellefonte, Pa.

Died. Nicholas Schenck, 87, an old-style movie mogul who helped found Loew's Inc. and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; of a stroke; in Miami Beach. Schenck's life was a Hollywood cliché in itself. The son of poor Russian immigrants, he scraped for nickels and dimes on Manhattan's Lower East Side, invested in beer concessions and amusement parks, finally in 1919 had enough of a stake to join Marcus Loew in founding the movie-house chain that spread across the U.S. MGM studios followed in 1924, and Schenck, armed with such stars as Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy, harvested huge profits even during the Depression. The studio's fortunes declined after World War II as Schenck continued to order up thinly plotted thrillers and meretricious musicals (which audiences now get on TV). In 1955 he was finally forced to step aside in favor of his deceased partner's son, Arthur Loew.



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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Dubious Yellow

Impounded last year by the U.S. Customs Service, *I Am Curious* (Yellow) has since been the subject both of bitter legal wrangles and a lot of gossip. Reports circulated that *Yellow** contained some of the most detailed sex scenes ever spiced into an overground film. Grove Press, which imported *Yellow* from Sweden, issued a paperback copy of the script "with over 250 illustrations," many of the sort that usually come in plain brown wrappers. Now, a U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals has ruled that *Yellow* may be shown uncut, and moviegoers can confirm all the rumors for themselves. They are true. The chances are, however, that viewers who expect a titillating kind of *1,001 Scandinavian Nights* will be disappointed. For all its well-publicized explicitness, *Yellow* is not much more erotic than the *Fannie Farmer* cookbook.

In All Directions. Director Vilgot Sjöman told his leading lady, even before filming began that "it will be very improvised and we'll use all the film we need. The whole thing will be rather crazy and we'll get all of Sweden into the film." That's precisely the trouble. Sjöman is like Stephen Leacock's young nobleman, riding madly off in all directions. He tries to reproduce the substance of Swedish politics, render a portrait of contemporary youth, satirize the mechanics of film making, and dramatize his own hang-ups; all the while telling a rather conventional and some-

times funny story about a confused adolescent girl. These separate parts may occasionally work on their own, but they never form a cohesive or compelling whole.

Lena (Lena Nyman) is at once *Yellow*'s nominal subject and central symbol. An ardent political activist, she carries radical, rabble-rousing signs and participates in all sorts of public demonstrations, including coupling with her boy friend Börje (Börje Ahlsjöd) on a balustrade in front of Stockholm's Royal Palace. When Lena runs off to the countryside, Börje follows and turns her meditation into a Portnoyesque scene that is certain to get the film banned west of the Hudson and north of The Bronx.

Furious, Lena picks a fight with Börje, who takes off back to the city in his MG. At film's end, the two have paid a joint visit to a delousing clinic and have effected a kind of Pirandellian reconciliation, applying less to their roles in the movie than to their extracurricular relationship. Intercut with this dreary dramaturgy are endless man-on-the-street interviews conducted by Lena ("Do you think that Swedish society has a class system?" "Do you belong to the labor movement?") and lots of shots of Sjöman making the film. But the political issues have little meaning or relevance for American audiences, and the efforts to correlate the craft of film making with the plot seem a haphazard and confused exercise.

New Standard. Although *Yellow* is an artistic failure, it will certainly stand as a cultural curiosity. Its sex scenes may be more raucous than revolutionary, but they do establish a new standard of specificity by which subsequent films will be judged. Consenting adults will hardly be surprised by anything the movie has to show, although they may be amused to note that Lena and Börje are quite obviously chafing when they are supposed to be copulating. In fact, if it were not for the sex scenes, *Yellow* would probably never have been imported. It is simply too interminably boring, too determinedly insular and, like the sex scenes themselves, finally and fatally passionless.

In Small Packages

Look sharp. Comb the newspaper listings. Check out the theaters that usually show revivals. Any moviegoer interested in seeing one of the tensest, toughest thrillers in a long while should be watching for *The Night of the Following Day*. Universal Pictures apparently has little faith or interest in the film, and is consequently treating it with tender, loving indifference. In many cities, *Night* is opening in second-run houses with a minimum of publicity, thus practically guaranteeing that it will be seen mostly by popcorn addicts, teen-



BRANDO & BOONE IN "NIGHT"
Welcome back.

agers on dates and those looking for a cozy place to sleep. But diligent moviegoers who do manage to search out *Night* will be rewarded by a keenly conducted seminar in the poetics of psychological terror, with up-to-date touch-

ers. **Subtle Variations.** The plot is a simple blueprint from which Hubert Cornfield, the director, producer and co-author, builds an intricate superstructure. A girl (Pamela Franklin) is kidnapped at Orly Airport by a man dressed as a chauffeur (Marlon Brando). The chauffeur and his three partners (Richard Boone, Rita Moreno, Jess Hahn) hold her captive at a deserted seaside cottage while they approach her wealthy father about the ransom. The mechanics of the operation and, more important, the slowly disintegrating relationships between the kidnappers are the essence of the film.

Cornfield transforms this rather ordinary premise into a kind of vision of surreal violence. Working closely with Cinematographer Willi Kurant, he creates an autumnal landscape, heavy with fear, that is the stuff that nightmares are made of. From the subdued hues of a beach at dawn to the bleached neon whiteness of a bathroom, colors serve both to establish the mood of each scene and underscore the precisely orchestrated tension. The film's ambiguous ending, which puts a parenthesis of fantasy around the action, may at first seem facile. On reflection, however, the viewer finds that a whole new range of interpretation has been opened with a single, clever stroke.

Richard Boone, Rita Moreno and Jess Hahn play their laconic roles with subtle variations of character that are worth pages of dialogue. But Marlon Brando draws them all together and establishes



BÖRJE AND LENA IN "YELLOW"
More raucous than revolutionary.

the tone of the whole film. Playing a kind of hipster-hood-hero, Brando can chill the blood with a smile or describe dimensions with a move of his hand. Since he provided the driving force behind *One-Eyed Jacks*, of which he was both star and director in 1961, Brando has essayed a series of character roles in a succession of failures: a brooding cowpoke in *The Appaloosa*, a self-righteous sheriff in *The Chase*, a cagey conman in *Bedtime Story*. Once again in a film good enough to match his talents, he demonstrates conclusively in *Night* that his powers remain undiminished by intervening years of sloppiness and self-indulgence. It is good to have him back.

Splendor in the Cucumbers

There's this young guy just out of the Army. He's kind of on the bum. Works at a migrant-labor camp in California picking cucumbers. Gets canned for fighting. Finds another job as a motel handyman. Falls for his former boss's girl friend, who is trouble. A little bit psycho; likes to make it on tombstones. She leads him on and talks him into a big job stealing \$50,000 worth of the migrants' payroll. Then comes the doublecross.

Although it was made last year, *The Big Bounce* has the look and tone of films long gone. As the ex-G.I., Ryan O'Neal plays a character patently modeled on John Garfield and uses an acting style that owes much to James Dean. Leigh Taylor-Young appears—frequently without clothing—as the sort of character that James M. Cain used to write about: a homicidal bitch goddess who attracts and destroys men with appetites that do not stop at sex. It is obvious that Warner Bros. hoped to package two agreeable young stars in some tried and true material. Too tried, and that's too true.

Genetic Gibberish

"Face it, Enid," Dad says to Mum. "He's not normal." They are talking about their crazy 21-year-old son Martin (Hywel Bennett), whose idea of a big time is to masquerade as merely retarded. Martin spots an attractive bird named Susan (Hayley Mills) and hatches a plot that eventually gets Dad done in. Susan ravaged, and Susan's mom cut up like so much kindling. This exercise in Petit Guignol, called *Twisted Nerve*, has all the suspense of a marshmallow roast, and struggles to make itself more plausible by adding some genetic gibberish about chromosomal damage. The film even suggests that Monogomism and criminal behavior are somehow connected, an unconscionable lapse of taste that has justly outraged the National Association for Retarded Children, which has demanded that the producers add a post-lactum disclaimer. It is doubtful that enough people will see *Twisted Nerve* for its distortions to make much difference.

His . . .

"People are always afraid of bad taste," says French Writer-Director Jacques Demy (*The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*). Demy certainly isn't. He sprinkles it like contaminated pixy dust over little film fairy tales. *The Model Shop*, Demy's first film made in the U.S., continues along in the same airy tradition.

Demy's hero, George Matthews (Gary Lockwood), is a 26-year-old dropout with the draft hanging over his carefully combed head. He wakes up in the morning murmuring "Love, love," much to the annoyance of his chick (Alexandra Hay), who knows that he isn't thinking of her. Even George doesn't know exactly whom he is thinking about, so he jumps into his little green sports



AGNÈS VARDÉ & JACQUES DEMY
Pixy dust and platitudes.

car and tools around Los Angeles, searching for love and himself. He finds both through an exquisite Frenchwoman named Lola (Anouk Aimée) who earns her living as a "model" for passionate amateur photographers. After a night of love, or what passes for love under Demy's dewy auspices, George selflessly gives Lola the plane fare back to Paris, ditches his chick and prepares to serve his country.

Demy does in fact use the back streets and alleys of Los Angeles to maximum tacky effect. His characters, however, have far less meaning than the "Eats" and "Service" signs. Although many of the same people recur in each of his films—Lola, for example, was both the subject and the title of his first feature—they have about as much depth as wallpaper. Indeed, Demy uses his characters like wallpaper, merely as human interior decoration. Anouk Aimée is lovely and gracious as Lola, but her seductive

simplicity is too hard-edged for Demy's blurry art nouveau. Dressed in clinging blue T shirt and form-fitting jeans, Gary Lockwood makes his way through a thankless role mostly by shifting his feet uncomfortably. Either those jeans are just too tight, or he's trying to stay out of Demy's way.

. . . And Hers

Moviegoers who have seen Jacques Demy's *The Model Shop* may also be curious about a picture by his wife, who is a director too. She is known professionally as Agnès Varda, and at first glance her work and her husband's seem totally different. While he conjures up pastel never-never lands, she broods over such weighty matters as morality, predestination and the nature of reality. But husband and wife do have in common two uncommon traits: the ability to reduce everything to playground platitudes and a stylistic pomposity that serves only to accent the vacuity of their scripts. In *Les Crétatures*, which Varda has dedicated to her husband, she has fashioned a kind of portrait of the artist in finger paints, a childish and often embarrassing attempt to render life as the ultimate fiction.

The plot is the sort of thing that gives science fiction a bad name. A writer (Michel Piccoli) and his mute wife (Catherine Deneuve) live in an abandoned fort on the coast of Brittany. She is pregnant; he is trying to write. Gradually, he conceives a weird fantasy about a mad engineer who plants control devices on the populace to destroy their free will. Reality begins to blur as the mad engineer invites the writer to sit down at an enormous electronic chessboard on which the townspeople are the pieces and the prize is the wife's fate. Writer and engineer grapple over the game board as lives are changed, ruined and revived. Or are they? The writer's story becomes the film's own plot; illusion and reality are inextricably and ever so modishly mixed. With the bad guy getting killed, the baby getting born, and the wife regaining her voice, there is even a happy ending.

Formerly a photographer for *Réalités* and *Paris Match*, Madame Demy has an unerring instinct for the stylishly avant-garde. She photographed *Les Crétatures* as if it were a *Vogue* layout, and edited it elliptically. She even tinted the fantasy scenes to avoid confusion: red for those influenced by the mad engineer at his game board, a benign pink for the writer-hero. The trouble is that she seems to take the hero's fantasy as seriously as he does. As in her other films (*Cleo from 5 to 7*, *Le Bonheur*), she mistakes pulp for pith and winds up only with pretension.



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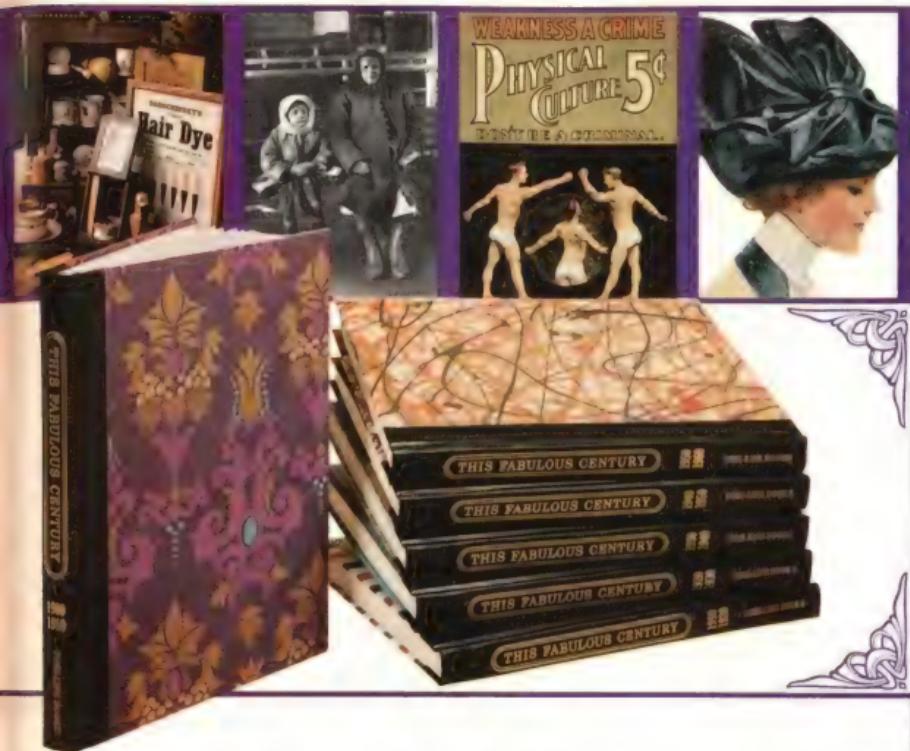
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1900-1910 was the golden age of money—and Newport was the place to spend it. When one coal baron put up a \$1.2 million cottage, the Vanderbilts put him in the social shade with a \$2 million country home; then fur-



nished it for another \$11 million. One lady imported the entire Broadway musical cast of *The Wild Rose* to play on her lawn at Newport. And Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish uttered her modest disclaimer: "We are not rich. We have only a few million."

But, for the hometown girl that Grandpa wooed and won, there was a "wishing book." It was the Sears, Roebuck catalogue, an innovation that revolutionized the American home with labor-saving devices. You'll see how Grandma felt about "The Celebrated True Blue Enamelled Steel Ware Teapot" at 58¢ or "The Perfect Cherry Stoner" at 70¢.

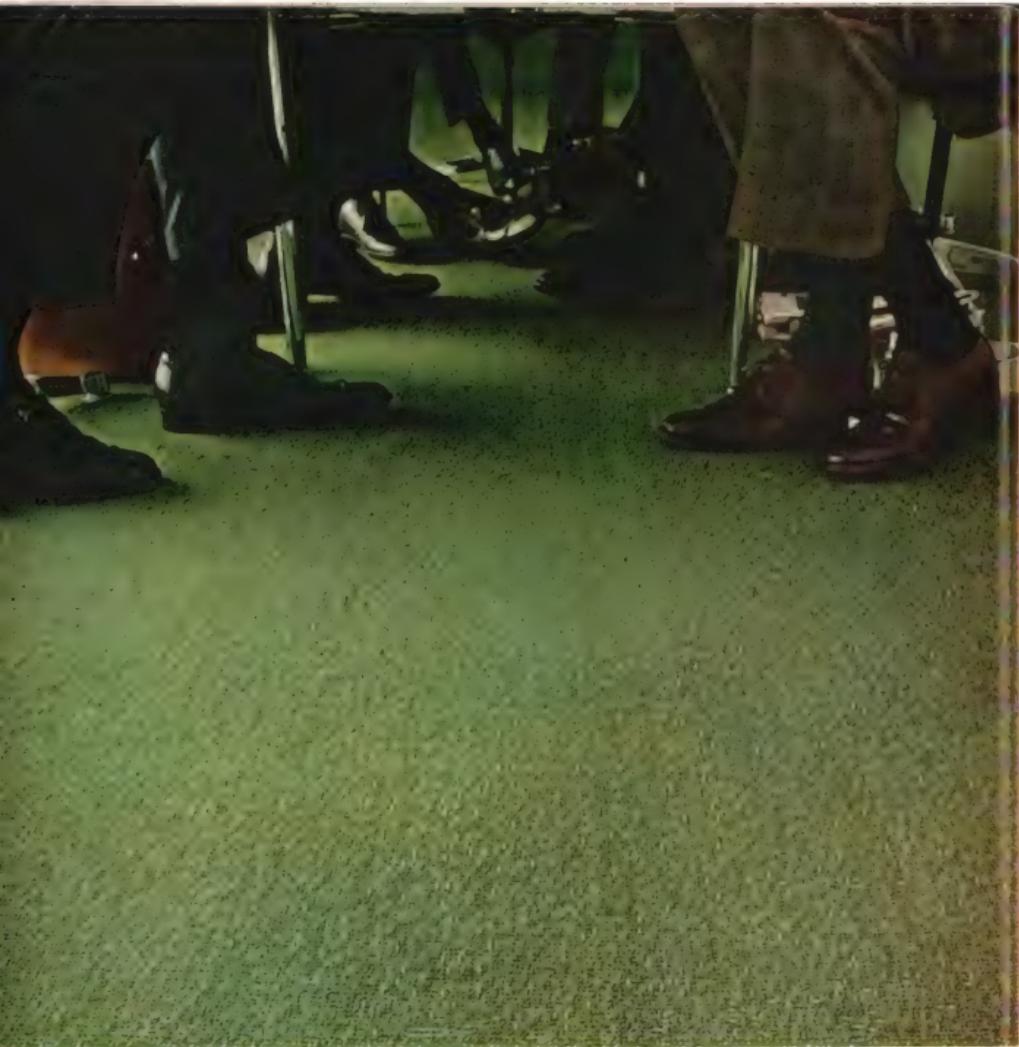
It was also the beginning of a new era for hundreds of thousands of immigrants to America. One of them, Edward Corsi, who later became U.S. Commissioner of Immigration, recalled his own amazement at the New York skyline when he first arrived from Italy. "Mountains! I cried to my brother. Look at them! They're strange," he said. "Why don't they have snow on them?"

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But even T.R. said of his 17-year-old daughter: "I can do one of two things. I can be President of the United States, or I can control Alice. I cannot possibly do both." For Alice was the living embodiment of the Gibson Girl. She smoked openly, she played poker, she defiantly did "her own thing." Tin Pan Alley ground out songs in honor of Alice ("Alice Blue Gown") and to match a nation's exuberant mood. There was music to drive by, to romance by, to go to school by, and even music to send your wife to the country by—"My Wife's Gone to the Country, Hurrah, Hurrah." Some things never change!

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BOOKS

Making Things Git

GRANT TAKES COMMAND, by Bruce Catton. 556 pages. Little, Brown. \$10.

Historian Lloyd Lewis wrote with bugles blaring, battle flags waving and exclamation marks used like bayonet points ("Blood! Blood! Blood!"). His style was perfectly suited to the fiery temper of William Tecumseh Sherman, and his classic *Sherman: Fighting Prophet* inspired a more restrained younger historian, Bruce Catton, to make a career out of the Civil War.

When Lewis died in 1949, he had completed only the first volume of a projected trilogy on Ulysses S. Grant. His

Ulysses S. Grant was not an easy man to understand, even for those who knew him best. Sherman, his most successful subordinate and closest comrade in arms, once cried out in frustration: "To me he is a mystery, and I believe he is a mystery to himself." Lincoln, when asked what sort of man Grant was, replied: "He's the quietest little fellow you ever saw." Then the President added: "The only evidence you have that he's in any place is that he makes things git! Wherever he is, things move."

Grant was a strange blend of phlegm and flame. During the eerie Battle of the Wilderness, he spent the day receiving dispatches, issuing orders—and whittling on twigs. When the battle was

about a particularly mean animal: "That horse will kill you some day." Grant casually answered: "Well, I can't die but once." It may well have been this same streak of boldness—some called it recklessness—that many years later caused Grant to send Sherman on the march to the sea, during which he had to live off the land without supply lines.

Battle v. Bottle. Catton effectively demolishes some myths about Grant. One is that Grant was a political innocent; the fact is that Grant wove his way through the seething jealousies of the Army of the Potomac with consummate political skill. He rid himself of powerful politicians-playing-general—John A. McClernand and Ben Butler for instance—in such a manner that they never knew quite what had hit them. Again, Grant's detractors, then and now, insist that he achieved final victory only through attrition, drawing upon the almost limitless manpower of the North. In truth, during the campaign that led to Appomattox, Grant's attacking Army of the Potomac often fell far short of the 2-to-1 superiority considered necessary to take the offense against Robert E. Lee's entrenched defenders.

His latest book will be Catton's last about Grant. For one thing, his notes do not include Grant's presidency. Another factor may also be involved. Catton admits he found one task onerous in carrying out his literary trust. "The irritating thing in writing about Grant," he says, "is that you constantly have to explain that Grant was not an alcoholic. I got tired of having to do this." As it happens, Catton is at his least persuasive in defending Grant's drinking bouts—which unquestionably did take place. That being the case, Catton might understandably be reluctant to take on the Reconstruction period, when being President was a job likely to drive a more abstemious man than Ulysses S. Grant to the bottle.

One Man's Family

THE GODFATHER, by Mario Puzo. 446 pages. Putnam. \$6.95.

Although the last word on this robust, casually served novel about the Mafia should come from the volatile Joe Valachi, the moral will be evident to a jaywalker: The Family That Preys Together Stays Together.

A corollary lesson is that crime pays—or, to quote Mario Puzo quoting Honore de Balzac: "Behind every great fortune there is a crime." When Puzo gets around to updating Balzac's ever so slight overstatement, he has the youngest and smartest son of the oldest and smartest New York Mafia boss tell his lank Yankee bride: "In my history course at Dartmouth we did some background on all the Presidents and they had fathers and grandfathers who were lucky they didn't get hanged."

As usual, after money and power are secured, the name of the game is respectability and status. *The Godfather*, which advances and contracts suggest



GRANT ON HORSEBACK AT VICKSBURG (1863)
Strange blend of phlegm and flame.

widow, searching for someone to complete the work, selected Catton, then already on his way to a Pulitzer prize with *Mr. Lincoln's Army and Glory Road*. Using Lewis' abundant notes, Catton carried on. In *Grant Moves South* (1960), he brought Grant from his unpromising early career up to his tenacious triumph at Vicksburg. Now, in *Grant Takes Command*, he follows the taciturn little general to his day of final victory at Appomattox.

A Mystery to Himself. "I had never met Lewis," Catton recalls, "and I realized that our styles were different. But we had much the same attitude toward the war and toward Grant." As it turned out, this was one of those rare literary legacies in which, considering the subject, the heir is apparently superior to the original author. Just as Lewis was ideal as Sherman's biographer, so Catton's quiet lucidity and laconic humor are precisely what is needed to amplify and examine Grant's elusive but enduring qualities.

over, while hundreds were still burning to death in a forest incinerated by gunfire to a dying Confederate, cried over and over again: "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"). Grant decided he could do no more, went to bed and within minutes was sleeping like a baby. Catton gives another glimpse of this side of Grant's nature by comparing the way he and Sherman smoked cigars: "Grant liked to lean back, taking his ease, smoking meditatively, enjoying it; Sherman got at it with energy, as if it were a duty to be finished in the shortest imaginable time, destroying his cigar as rapidly as possible."

Yet Grant, the slowpoke cigar smoker, was a man who, when astride a high-spirited horse, seemed possessed by demons. Says Catton: "On all ordinary affairs, in battle or out of it, Grant weighed the odds unemotionally, but a horse that was lightning-fast and half-wild always presented a challenge that he could not resist." Once, when Grant was at West Point, a classmate warned



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should earn its author at least \$500,000 in royalties, paperback and film rights, could prove a subtle opening move in getting the Mafia into the same league as the House of Lords and the German General Staff.

To begin with, Puzo avoids the *opera buffa* nicknames that newspaper rewrite men use to lend a tint of life to their gangster stories. Secondly, Puzo's Corleone family has many standards. Gambling, labor extortion, an occasional unavoidable murder and some judicious bribery are all in order. But no prostitution or drugs. These enterprises offend the strait-laced sensibility of the Godfather, Don Vito Corleone.

As a young Sicilian immigrant and hard-working family man in New York's Little Italy, Don Vito discovered (some-

portions of a bestselling beach ball. Yet he keeps it spinning brightly—if somewhat unevenly—with a crisp, dramatic narrative style. His professional skill is not surprising. Puzo, 48, learned what keeps a reader turning pages by freelancing and editing adventure magazines. Many of his Mafia anecdotes, he claims, come from his 81-year-old Italian mother. Puzo's own Mafia connections are strictly social. He enjoys frequent jaunts to the Mafia-backed gambling dens in the Bahamas. That he should thus leave some of the royalty money with the very people whom he good-naturedly exploited to get it is the sort of justice that would surely content the Godfather.

Goldman's Variations

THE TRAGEDY OF LYNDON JOHNSON, by Eric F. Goldman. 531 pages. Knopf. \$8.95.

History, Jean-Paul Sartre once observed, is a bad joke played by the present upon the past. The perception has more to do with the inevitable bias of historians than with history itself. It emphasizes, however, the value of the practice that allowed a suitable interval to elapse before the present tried to judge the past. Today Presidents have taken to employing historians as personal aides, partly in the hope that they will be written up lovingly. Sometimes they are—witness Arthur Schlesinger's study of John F. Kennedy. And sometimes the joke is on the Chief Executive. Eric Goldman's bestselling memoir of White House life with Lyndon Johnson emphatically belongs in the latter category.

Congratulations and Condolences. Like instant coffee, instant history can be remarkably palatable. Goldman's pronouncements about Johnson that he was a tragic failure, "an extraordinarily gifted President who was the wrong man from the wrong place at the wrong time under the wrong circumstances" may suffer from myopia, but his book is studded with tangy anecdotes. Most of them hardly come out sounding like *Hail to the Chief*; yet they shade and amplify Johnson's enigmatic image in ways alternately provoking and satisfying.

A Princeton professor, Goldman worked for Johnson for two years and nine months starting just after President Kennedy's assassination. He was charged with providing the new President with a flow of ideas: among those he helped shape was the Johnsonian conception of the Great Society. He also served, more and more uneasily, as a general liaison man, trying to improve relations between the brilliant but unread Texan President and the intellectual community. "Congratulations and condolences," an academic friend quipped when Goldman first went to Washington. "No body has had a better job since the N.A.A.C.P. sent a man to Mississippi."

The view proved prophetic. Goldman's diplomatic effort came to total di-



MARIO PUZO

Do as you wouldn't be done by.

what to his own surprise) he was "a man of force." The phrase is recurrent and a key to understanding the qualities that distinguish a true captain of business and industry. Don Vito is the sort of man who would undoubtedly grump at such academic non sequiturs as "political science," since the years have taught him there is no greater natural advantage in life than having an enemy overestimate one's faults.

Arrayed before Don Vito like vassals at a feudal court are scores of coarse-grained characters who provide the sub- and sub-subplots that enable Puzo to illustrate the broad reach of the Godfather's influence. It is a mark of his power that he commands fierce loyalties because he treats his petitioners with respect—though they range from an obscure *paisano* seeking revenge for a damaged daughter to a famous Italian-American crooner who needs help to branch out into acting and producing.

Puzo had to do a great deal of inflating to blow his book up to the pro-

saster at the famous June 1965 White House Festival of the Arts. Incensed by then about the Viet Nam war and always snobbishly intolerant of the presidential manner, a number of intellectuals noisily stayed away. Among those who did come, one guest—New York Critic Dwight Macdonald—cheekily circulated an anti-Johnson petition at the gathering. Another, John Hersey, chose to read pointed excerpts from his book *Hiroshima* despite fierce White House displeasure ("The President and I," said Mrs. Johnson, "do not want this man to come here and read these passages").

The festival incident, related by Goldman with much regret and some relish, has the fascination of all court gossip, from Saint-Simon's time until today. But in the telling Goldman overem-

DAVID GARD



ERIC GOLDMAN

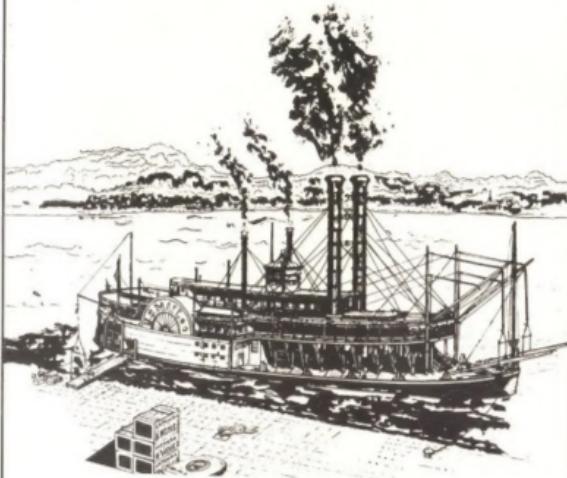
Sometimes the joke is on the Chièf.

phasizes the effects of the intellectuals' disapproval on Johnson's political life. As he sees it, one key to the President's eventual fall from power was his inability to win the confidence of the academic world. This was crucial, Goldman suggests, because intellectuals are now looked up to by what he calls "Metroamericans," the growing group of homogenized, sophisticated, influential people in and around U.S. cities.

The real importance of President Johnson's brushes with intellectuals lies in what they contribute to the portrait of the man himself. Goldman found him brilliant, secretive and compulsively insecure, a man "marked by a broad streak of idealism," and by "instincts for the national good"—but one whose wheeling-and-dealing methods often tainted his achievements with the suspicion that his real aim was "a feral pursuit of personal domination."

Portraying this figure Goldman at first concentrates on the President's colossal energy and endless concern for de-

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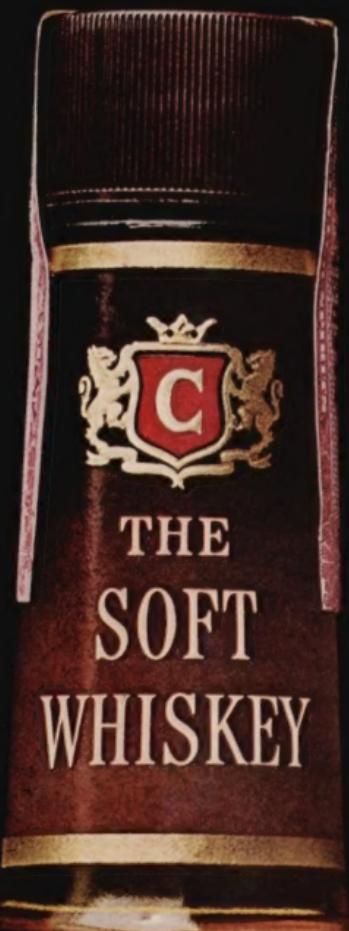
February 27, 1968

tail. Despite Johnson's 1955 heart attack, the presidential workday—really two days in one—eroded the physiques and psyches of L.B.J. aides, after first afflicting them with a gait known as the "L.B.J. trot."

Comic Caricature? Like much else about the President, the Johnson work pace, examined in detail, often verges on comic caricature. Despite a full presidential load, for instance, Johnson would personally check such things as the neatness of secretarial desks, and the optional equipment ordered with White House staff cars. More than most recent commentators, however, Goldman gives high praise to Johnson's sheer capacity to get things done and to his fantastic memory and powerful, analytical, if academically untrained, mind. It was these qualities that enabled the President to get through Congress the most liberal legislation in the nation's history, most notably Medicare and the Education and Voting Rights acts.

Ultimately, Goldman sees Lyndon Johnson as a restless and brilliant leader crippled by a weak regional education (marginal high school, less than marginal college) that rendered him incapable of coping with the international complexities that any President of the U.S. today must confront. The assessment, predictably pedagogic, is probably misleading. In his skirmishes with the press, in his needless deviousness, in his Queeg-like compulsion never to admit a mistake, as in his statesmanship, Lyndon Johnson's ultimate fault lay not in ignorance but in a disquieting lack of a sense of proportion. Brought up on overblown congressional rhetoric, Johnson seemed to have no grasp of the fact that words have real meaning—apart from the propaganda ends they are put to. As Vice President, justly intent on bolstering the then Viet Nam regime, he blithely characterized Ngo Dinh Diem as the Winston Churchill of Asia. Defending a nasty, though conceivably necessary intervention in the Dominican Republic, he did not scruple to invoke the loftiest rhetoric about the need to protect the freedom of mankind.

Operator's Operator. What did it matter so long as the aim in view was reasonably good? In the long run, it mattered a great deal. Politically, Johnson suffered the same fate as the boy who cried wolf—and for nearly the same reasons. It was not only the intellectuals who found him out, but everyday Americans as well, the very people he most hoped to cajole. Emerging into the complex responsibilities of world power and affluence after World War II, many Americans had come to believe that perhaps the way to deal with the world was to become an "operator." A master of congressional logrolling, Johnson was famous as an operator's operator. One of his unexpected services to the U.S. was to prove just how slender an operator's grasp on leadership can be when he is faced with the high and agonizing challenges of history.



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